

# FORTUNE'S FOOL;

A  
COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

---

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS,

AUTHOR OF

SPECULATION—DRAMATIST—RACE—HOW TO  
GROW RICH—NOTORIETY, &c.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

---

1796.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

FORTUNE'S FOOL;

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.



BY THOMAS WOODS,

ACTRESS.

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

[Price two shillings.]



# PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. TOMS.

**T**O each new Play, a Prologue must appear,  
Like Poet Laureat's Ode to each New-Year—  
But here, at once, the simile must end,  
Chance is the Laureat's, not the Prologue's Friend:  
He may anticipate the coming hour,  
By the prophetic Muse's magic pow'r;  
But we, like shewmen, trumpet forth our ware,  
Promise you feasts; but shew no Bill of Fare:  
Bound down to secrecy we must not say,  
One word upon the subject of the Play.  
Yet for Our Author this I dare impart,  
He bears your former favours next his heart—  
And though the course he steers to night be new,  
He fears no quicksands, piloted by you;  
Whose powerful aid, and still sustaining hand,  
Have ever brought his little bark to land,  
And moor'd her where his hope begins and ends,  
Safe in the haven of his gen'rous friends.

Perhaps these crouded benches may contain  
Some who've been fool'd in Fortune's giddy train!  
Some who, with ceaseless toil, pursuing wealth,  
Have gain'd their object but have lost their health;  
And prov'd, at length, that gold can ne'er bestow,  
A balm for sickness, or a shield for woe:  
Some, who ambitious of a fleeting name,  
Have barter'd Happiness, and Peace for Fame;  
And found too late, in Disappointment's school,  
How oft Ambition makes us Fortune's Fool.

Our Author on Thalia's treasury draws—  
An annual candidate for your applause!  
Which, like the fresh'ning dews of rising morn,  
Hangs, through his life, a gem on ev'ry thorn!  
To night, once more, his fate on you depends,  
His gen'rous patrons, and his pow'rful friends!  
'Twas you who brighten'd up his early day,  
And now to independence lead the way!  
The curtain drop'd, he'll prove, if you have smil'd,  
Not Fortune's Fool, but Fortune's fav'rite Child!

---

# PROLOGUE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

AP-HAZARD ..... Mr. LEWIS.  
 SIR CHARLES DANVERS ..... Mr. MIDDLETON.  
 ORVILLE ..... Mr. MACREADY.  
 TOM SEYMOUR..... Mr. FAWCETT.  
 SIR BAMBER BLACKLETTER ..... Mr. QUICK.  
 SAMUEL ..... Mr. ABBOT.  
 SERVANTS...MESSRS. BLURTON, WILDE, STREET, AND LEE.

---

MRS. SEYMOUR ..... Miss MORRIS.  
 MISS UNION ..... Mrs. MATTOCKS.  
 LADY DANVERS..... Miss WALLIS.  
 ORANGE WOMEN...MRS. NORTON, MISS LESERVE, AND  
 Mrs. WATTS.

---

SCENE.....LONDON.

---

# FORTUNE'S FOOL.

## ACT I.

**SCENE.** *An Apartment in an Hotel---on one side of a Table Sir CHARLES DANVERS discovered asleep---on the other side Lady DANVERS, reading.*

LADY.---(Putting down her Book.)

**HEIGHO!**---If this be the beginning of a runaway match, what will be the end of it?---Here am I but just return'd from Gretna-Green, and there's the loving partner of my joys.---(Sir CHARLES wakes and looks at her.)---How the man stares?---it's very odd with what astonishment we always look at one another?---as much as to say, how in the name of Hymen did we two come together?---My life!

*Sir Charles.* My soul!

*Lady.* Come, come---it's time to reflect---now we're married and return'd to London, 'tis fit you should leave this Hotel and think of an establishment.---How much did you say your fortune was, Sir Charles?

*Sir Charles.* Fortune!--that depends on my uncle; and perhaps he is offended.---How much did you say yours was?

B

Lady.



*Lady.* That depends on my mother; and perhaps she is offended.

*Sir Charles.* Indeed! What's to be done then?

---Pray, Miss Seymour---Lady Danvers, I mean---what induc'd you to elope with me?

*Lady.* I don't know---my mother wanted me to marry Mr. Orville, whom I hated---you made love to me---told me matrimony was Elysium; and so, without thinking---

*Sir Charles.* Without thinking!--ah! that was my case---restless in my disposition---tir'd of dissipation, I thought to find happiness in domestic life---Well, well---we had a pleasant journey to Scotland, however.

*Lady.* Very---but coming back, Sir Charles---Oh! what an alteration!

*Sir Charles.* Alteration!--how?

*Lady.* How!--why the whole way to Gretna-Green were you not all love, adoration, and attention; and in a little hour after the Blacksmith had received his fee, didn't you become a different man?---before we re-cross'd the Tweed, you amus'd yourself by yawning---at Newcastle you talk'd of the expences of travelling---at York you forgot to hand me out of the carriage---at Doncaster, when I order'd your favourite dinner, you said there was'nt a dish you could eat---at Grantham, I saw you throw glances at the chambermaid---from Stamford to London you wrangled with the drivers, and groan'd at the turnpikes; and from the time we arriv'd, till now, have you opened your eyes?---No---if you are my partner, you're a sleeping one, I'm sure, Sir Charles.

*Sir Charles.* Lady Danvers, I confess the truth of all this, and sincerely ask your pardon; but the fact is, I found that we had rush'd precipitately  
into

into marriage, without considering the consequences---too late I found it, for if our friends desert us, how are we to live?---I spent all my fortune on the road.

*Lady.* (*agitated*) You don't say so.

*Sir Charles.* The last shilling went to the last post-boy---you don't know the expences of a family---a man may steer his own vessel through the storms of life, but if he takes another in tow---

*Lady.* Down they both go to the bottom,---upon my word we're in a very pleasant situation---but you forget what you said, Sir Charles, you vow'd that you could live with me on a crust in a cottage---light a fire with me under a hedge---beg---starve with me---

*Sir Charles.* Did I?---I'm sorry for it---I can encounter poverty myself, but to make an innocent girl partake of it!---No, no---I have been dissipated---not dishonest.

*Lady.* Then you would'nt starve with me---now that's unfair, Sir Charles; for I think I could undergo a great deal for you---I'm not sure that you love me, nor indeed have I had time to ask my heart whether it loves you, but something tells me, (and don't think me romantic) that your distresses have excited sensations towards you, which your riches might never have inspir'd.

*Sir Charles.* Generous girl!---Come---Fortune still may aid us---your mother may forget---my uncle may forgive---by this time they know of our return, and---heh!---who's here?

*Lady.* Miss Union, the match-maker, and her nephew Mr. Orville.

*Sir Charles.* That Orville!---was he to be your husband?---Zounds!---how the plot thickens!---

I owe his uncle ten thousand pounds, and if the old Colonel approved of his marrying you.

*Lady.* He approv'd of it so much, that on the match taking place, he meant to settle on Orville all his large Cornwall estate.

*Enter Miss UNION and ORVILLE.*

*Miss Union.* Welcome from Scotland, my pretty runaways---now answer me Miss---What is your apology for refusing my nephew---what right had you to marry?---or what right has any body to marry without consulting me; 'ant I the first of match-makers?---don't I make it my profession? and if that barbarous blacksmith is to rob me of my greatest pleasure---

*Sir Charles.* Your pardon, Miss Union---but what is your business here?

*Miss Union.* My business is to inform Lady Danvers, that in consequence of her Gretna Green excursion, her mother hopes for the honour of never seeing or hearing from her again.

*Sir Charles.* (to Orville). And now, fir, what is your's?

*Orville.* To inform you, fir, that for the same reason, your uncle, Sir Bamber, disinherits you, and hopes for the honour of adopting a new heir.

*Miss Union.* Yes: the young Welchman has put you out in both places.---The son of a poor parson, and the aukward beau of Langothlen, is the new heir to Sir Bamber, and shall be the new husband to Mrs. Seymour.

*Lady.* Husband to my mother!

*Miss Union.* To be sure---has'nt she often told you, that if you married any body but Orville, she would marry too! and when she was pursuing you and her carriage broke down, did'nt the young Welchman come up and save her life?



*Orv.* And has'nt she given him her picture as a proof of her affection?

*Sir Charles.* I'll not believe a syllable of it--at least I'll have better authority than your words for it--*Lady Danvers,* do you make a personal application to your mother--I'll do the same to my uncle, and if they persist in deserting us, I know the worst--*Mrs. Seymour* cannot refuse her daughter maintenance, and I'll seek my fortune singly--*Come!*

*Lady.* Who can this obtruder be?--perhaps though, he is not attach'd:

*Miss Union.* He not attach'd!--what then? can't I shew *Mrs. Seymour* how to decoy him into the snares? how to manage her words? her eyes? her sighs? how to excite his affection by concealing her own?

*Lady.* Conceal affection!

*Sir Charles.* Yes; conceal affection, annihilate passion, extirpate sensibility--in short, turn robber--footpad--and by the fire of the eye, instead of the flash of the pistol, defraud the artless and unthinking, of their fortune, health, and happiness! This is *Miss Union's* road to matrimony--we have chosen a different one, and if our friends forgive us--come *Juliana*--we won't despair. *[Exit with Lady DANVERS.]*

*Orv.* So far, so well!--Distress will make them quarrel--then comes a separation--then perhaps a divorce, and then my dear aunt, *Lady Danvers,* and the large *Cornwall* estate may be mine still--besides, I love her more than ever--but about the young *welchman*--about *Ap Hazard*--how has he got into favour with his godfather, *Sir Bamber Blackletter*?

*Miss Union.* I'll tell you--you know the old

bookworm is so fond of ancient authors, that he is about to publish a new edition of Chaucer—now you understand I have some hope of making him my husband, by persuading him I am in possession of a suppos'd manuscript of that poet, and Ap-Hazard has a stronger hold on his affections—he has brought to town a bust—an original bust of Geoffrey Chaucer!—think of that nephew.

*Orv.* Excellent!—and how did he come by it?

*Miss Union.* It has long been in possession of his father who is a first cousin of Sir Bamber's, and knowing his character, thinks this Present will prove a rare introduction for his son—and so it will!—the Baronet is but just returned to town, and hasn't seen it; but he writes me word he is so delighted with the account of the old head, and so out of humour with Sir Charles, that he shall turn his thoughts entirely to his godson—The welchman's a lucky creature.

*Orv.* He lucky!—why he's Fortune's Fool!—when I knew him in Wales, one continued series of ill luck pursued him—if he touch'd china, it broke—if he went shooting, his gun burst—if hunting, there was no game—if he play'd at whist, his partner could neither trump nor follow suit—if he fell in love, his mistress married somebody else, and he told me himself, if he'd been a physician, as his father wish'd him, every body would have enjoy'd high health, and he been the only sick man in all Wales—oh! as the success of our schemes depends on him, I dread a return of his bad fortune.

*Miss Union.* Do you? then find him out directly—instruct, advise him—stay, Mrs. Seymour

is waiting to consult me on the old topic, so I'll go with you—I shou'dn't think of Sir Charles finding fault indeed!—where's the great harm in being a match-maker?—we women have few occupations, and if lawyers and proctors are paid for dividing people, why may'nt I be feed for uniting them? Then if you talk of physicians, Orville—they're feed for providing one article of intelligence for a newspaper—I another; and I leave you to judge, whether marriage or death is the pleasantest piece of information. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*View of the Thames—the Bridges—Swing  
Hells—a shewy sailing Boat at Anchor.*

*Enter* AP-HAZARD.

*Ap-Hazard.* There's the river—and the bridges yonders a chapel—next door's a billiard table—here comes a funeral—there goes a wedding—Oh! it's a rare town—get on though, friend Ap-Hazard—remember you're only come for a fortnight's pleasure, and so where next? (*Looks in his pocket book.*)

*Enter* ORVILLE.

*Oro.* There he is! and wonderful to say, not in a scrape yet! Mr. Ap-Hazard, welcome to town.

*Ap-Hazard.* What! my old Welch companion, Mr. Orville! (*They shake hands.*)

*Oro.* Well! how much do you know of London?—Have you seen the Squares—the Parks—the City—St. Pauls—?

*Ap-Hazard.* I have; and the Bank, and the Tower



Tower—Apothecarie's Hall, and the Burying-grounds—the Gaming Houses in St. James's-street, and the Spunging Houses in Chancery-lane---the Bears in the Stock Exchange, and the Beasts in Exeter Change—last night I went to the Theatres—they were so full I couldn't get in—this morning I went to the Prisons—they overflow'd too—oh! what a cruel town Mr. Orville, when if a man wants to go to jail, there isn't room to admit him.

*Orv.* True; it's very hard—but where else have you been?

*Ap-Hazard.* Every where—I've been in London only two days, and I know more of it, than half the cocknies who were born in it—oh! it's a glorious place!—they said I should find the streets pay'd with gold, and I have! Mrs. Seymour means to make me her husband—Sir Bamber his heir—ay, none of my old ill-luck now—I've got my equivalent.

*Orv.* Have you?—then keep it—remember you were born under an unlucky planet, and from the day of your birth, to the present hour, your life has been one catalogue of cross accidents.

*Ap-Hazard.* I know it; but here I breathe a lucky air, and if I do get into a scrape, I know how to get out of it—"what's to pay?"

*Orv.* What's to pay!

*Ap-Hazard.* Yes; what's to pay?—in this town I find every body, as well as every thing, has its price—men of fashion, and men of no fashion—high ladies—low ladies—authors, Jews, bears, pigs, sheep, and monkies, are all to be bought and sold; therefore if my evil genius should rise again, here is a little gentleman that will soon lay him.

him. (*Pulls out a purse of uncommon length.*)  
Ay; they'll not easily get to the bottom of it;  
so "what's to pay?" damme "what's to pay,"  
is my watch word while I stay in London.

*Orv.* What! you think money an excuse for  
every absurdity?

*Ap-Hazard.* To be sure—if I knock a man  
down—"what's to pay?"---if I kiss a married  
woman---"what's to pay?"---if I marry myself---  
"what's to pay?"---if I come into parliament---  
"what's to pay?" Money will mend crack'd  
heads---broken hearts, and wounded reputations---  
therefore I say again, "what's to pay," is my  
motto in the hour of danger.

*Orv.* Well, but take notice; mine and your  
friend Miss Union's schemes depend on your suc-  
cess. Sir Charles and Lady Danvers are our ene-  
mies; and if you marry Mrs. Seymour, and are  
adopted by Sir Bamber, they meet the ruin they  
merit; if you fail, they triumph: recollect For-  
tune's a slippery jade.

*Ap-Hazard.* Oh, curse her; I know her; she  
has led me such a life of it---but now I defy  
her---she can't dash the cup from my lip now---  
no, no---Mrs. Seymour has given me her pic-  
ture, and the bust secures old Blackletter. I tell  
you what---life's a lottery---I've hitherto had ten  
blanks to a prize---and now---I'll go buy the  
thirty thousand.

*Orv.* No; go and have your first interview with  
your godfather---heh! who's landing from that  
boat?---as I live, Tom Seymour.

*Tom Seymour (without.)* Row back, I tell you.

*Orv.* If he should find out his mother is about  
to be married to this fellow---however he don't  
meddle in family affairs. (*aside.*)

*Tom*

*Tom Seymour (without.)* Pull hard my lads.

*Ap-Hazard (looking out.)* What smart sea captain's this? I'm a bit of a sailor myself, and as I should like to hear about the dock-yards, and the late sea engagements, I'll talk to him—by his appearance he must be a very great naval character.

*Orv. (aside.)* Great naval character! ha! ha! poor Tom Seymour!—he never saw the sea in his life—never was below Gravesend—he is a freshwater failor.

*Enter TOM SEYMOUR, dress'd in white trowsers, &c.*

*Tom (speaking as he enters.)* Pull hard I tell you—save as much of the wreck as you can; and, d'ye hear, look out sharp for the log-book—Zounds! what a tempest! and what a profession! We failors are always exposed to peril, while these land lubbers here—what Orville! never off shore.

*Ap. Hazard.* Stormy weather, noble captain!

*Orv. (to Tom, who stares at Ap-Hazard.)* He's a friend of mine, from Wales: but what's the matter? You seem agitated.

*Tom.* Well I may—I've been shipwreck'd.

*Orv.* Shipwreck'd!—where?

*Ap-Hazard.* Ay, where, sir?—where? Oh, how I like to hear about a shipwreck. When did it happen? Where was it, captain?—in the Channel?

*Tom.* No; in Chelsea Reach.

*Ap-Hazard.* Chelsea Reach! Why what new ocean's that? But tell me, did the ship founder, or did she drive against a large ridge of barbarous rocks?

*Tom.*



*Tom.* Neither: she drove against a little arch of Battersea Bridge—off Millbank we lost our mainmast—at Vauxhall we sprung a leak—and at Ranelagh we threw overboard——

*Ap-Hazard.* All your live stock; stores and provisions?

*Tom.* All our umbrellas, spencers, and opera-glasses.

*Ap-Hazard.* Umbrellas and opera-glasses!—— Why what fantastic jackanapes is this? Fortune's at her tricks again, I see; but let what will be the consequence, I'll ask him one more question: Sir—captain, if the ship was lost, how came you not to sink with it?

*Tom.* I did sink with it.

*Ap-Hazard.* What you were drown'd, were you?

*Tom.* No, not exactly; because when she came to the bottom, I stood on the deck, and was knee high in the river. Drown'd! bless your fat head—how can a man be drown'd in seven inch water? Oh, you'll never be of service to your country.

*Ap-Hazard.* No; but you shall; for I'll fetch a press-gang—I'll——(going.)

*Orv.* (stopping him.) Softly: will you force your ill-luck—purposely get into a scrape? Consider, the cards are in your own hands.

*Ap-Hazard.* They are.

*Orv.* Would you throw them away, then?

*Ap-Hazard.* No, thank ye—thank ye—What's to pay, sir? (to *Tom.*)

*Orv.* (to *Tom.*) You'll excuse my friend, Mr. Seymour—he's a strange creature. Come, never mind the loss of your ship; you have more than one, you know.

*Tom.* To be sure I have. There's the Sprightly Kitty! (pointing to the vessel at anchor.) Cleopatra's

patra's galley was but a coal-barge to it—the's my favourite, because my sister furnish'd the cabin for me: and, now I think on't, Orville, what's all this hurricane in my family? I'm told Juliana has put to sea with Sir Charles Danvers—mess! I must keep a good look out—that is, when the sailing match is over.

*Orv.* You'll find your sister has behav'd very ill, sir.

*Tom.* Shall I? I don't think it: more likely I shall find others have behav'd ill to her; and, if that's the case, she shan't want a friend, I promise you—while I can swim, my sister shan't sink! What say you, Mr. —

*Ap-Hazard.* Say! that since I came to London, it's the only sensible speech I've heard. Sir, I beg pardon for hinting at a press-gang—you *are* a great naval character, and I'll sail with you—at the risk of my life, I'll sail with you.

*Tom.* So you shall—not to-day, though—I'm going to dine at La Fleece'em's club.

*Ap-Hazard.* Then I'll go and dine at La Fleece'em's along with you.

*Tom.* Why, your friend's a strange creature indeed, Orville; however, I like his familiarity—so you shall go and dine with me; and what's more, I'll make you one of the squadron, and you shall wear the uniform.

*Ap-Hazard.* So I will: I'll wear the uniform.

*Tom.* And you shall be in my sett—the aquatic sett—all as great naval characters as myself—and you shall hear of nothing but rowing, sailing, fishing—and you shall play a rubber.

*Ap-Hazard.* Stop there—I'm tied up!

*Tom.* Tied up! what you lose now and then?

*Ap-Hazard.* Lose now and then! If you'll be-

lieve

lieve me, I never turn'd up an honour in all my life: however, Fortune smiles at present, and there's nothing like pushing it; so come, Orville—come, my noble captain—(*aside to Orville.*) I feel my ground, and you and Miss Union may count the game your own—I'll beggar the club, marry the widow, bamboozle old Blackletter, and then we'll all take such a sea voyage in the Sprightly Kitty—

*Tom.* No, no; no salt-water for me—let me encounter the billows of the Thames, not be toss'd on the tumultuous ocean—give me a sailing match, not a sea fight—a trip to Richmond, not a voyage to China—and instead of being shipwreck'd on rocks and quicksands, Battersea Bridge and seven inch water for Tom Seymour. Come, my boys, come to the club, and I'll shew you how to hold honours, and sail against wind and tide!

[*Exit.*]

#### END OF THE FIRST ACT.



## A C T II.

SCENE.—SIR BAMBER BLACKLETTER'S  
*Library.*

SIR CHARLES DANVERS *discovered writing at a  
Table.*

*Sir Charles.* So—there's a match for the match-maker however—Trick for trick, Miss Union!—let me see—(*reads*) “Matrimony. A lady, who  
“has a heart to dispose of, would be happy to  
“unite to a man of sense, of honour—she is in-  
“different about fortune, as she has two thou-  
“sand a year in a brass manufactory—apply to  
“Miss U—, No. 402, Grosvenor-street.—  
“N.B. She would prefer an officer in the army  
“or navy.”—Ay! ay! that's touching Miss  
Union on her sore subject, and if this advertise-  
ment don't torment her, I'll try something else—  
I'll teach her to busy herself with other people's  
affairs.

*Enter SAMUEL with the Bust of CHAUCER—he puts  
it on the Table.*

*Sir Charles.* There's the bust of Chaucer, I  
suppose—the celebrated treasure, that is to turn  
me out of this house and fix the young Welchman  
in my place—Samuel, who gave you this curiosity?

*Samuel.* Mr. Ap-Hazard, Sir—he is now below  
with Miss Union, waiting to be introduced to  
master—icod!—he comes at a bitter bad time, for  
Sir Bamber is so bad with the gout.

*Sir Charles.* The gout, has he?—very well!  
—leave me—I too am waiting to see Sir Bamber,  
I for

for I won't lose my rights without struggling hard for them, I'm determined—(*Samuel exit*)—in the mean time, I'll copy this matrimonial advertisement for Miss Union. (*Sits at table, writing*).

*Enter AP-HAZARD and MISS UNION.*

*Ap-Hazard.* I tell you I've relaps'd—the disorder has returned, and in London as well as Wales, Fortune will whirl me into scrapes—Oh! that great naval character!—to decoy me to the club—win my money—my trinkets—get my note for fifty pounds, and then challenge me!

*Miss Union.* Challenge you!—Why?

*Ap-Hazard.* Because when I found that debts of honour were now a days no more thought of than other debts; I snap'd my fingers in his face; called him a fresh-water pirate, and said I'd pay him in opera-glasses and umbrellas!—on this, he challeng'd me—then I run—for there's my luck again!—I dar'nt fight a duel—no—I dar'nt—unless it could be manag'd in an amicable way; by calling in the constables, or firing at fifty paces—at fifty paces, s'blood! I could exchange fifty shots.

*Miss Union.* Well!—but how did this end?—did the Captain overtake you?

*Ap-Hazard.* No—I got the start and kept it, and now my only chance is never seeing him or the Sprightly Kitty again!—if he catches me, I'm a drown'd man.---Oh! I've got into my old train of ill-luck,---I shall trip every step I take; and you and Orville will tumble along with me!--- (*Sees Sir Charles Danvers at the table, and goes up to him.*) What fine-fellow's this?—a servant I suppose; for in this town they dress so smartly---well! I don't blame them---when masters dress like pick-pockets,

pockets, servants may dress like gentlemen!  
Holloa!--you sir.

*Miss Union.* I see there's no keeping him out of a scrape!--come here---that's your competitor, Sir Charles Danvers---he is waiting to contest the point with you, and if you don't get in favour with Sir Bamber he'll still be his heir and I shall lose my revenge!--hush!--here is the old commentator---now remember, on this interview depends your inheriting five thousand a year.

*Enter SIR BAMBER BLACKLETTER and SAMUEL.*

*Sir Bamber (to Samuel).* Blockhead!--to push against me when I have the gout so bad in this hand, that I can't even write my notes on Chaucer---go, and when the bookseller comes, call me, (*Samuel exit.*)---ha!--my intended wife! my sweet Miss Union!--well!--where is he?---where's my godson!--where's my new heir?---

*Miss Union.* Here, sir,---here is Mr. Ap-Hazard---here is the owner of the celebrated bust!--Now put on your best manners---nothing like a first impression---(*aside to Ap-Hazard*).

*Ap-Hazard.* I know it: and there I'm always lucky---(*aside to Miss.*)---Oh, Sir Bamber! if you knew the pleasure I feel, in giving you this hearty shake of the hand---(*shakes his gouty hand very hard*).

*Sir Bamber.* And if you knew the pain I feel---whough!

*Ap-Hazard.* What's to pay?

*Miss Union.* He is Fortune's Fool indeed---Make amends by praising his library. (*aside to Ap-Hazard*).

*Ap-Hazard.* I will---what a superb library, Sir Bamber



Bambér?—what a choice collection of ancient and modern publications?—

*Sir Bamber.* Modern!—Sir, there's no such trash here---I hav'nt a book publish'd within the present century, except John Gilpin, in four volumes.

*Ap-Hazard.* John Gilpin in four volumes---pooh! he would'nt fill the column of a newspaper.

*Sir Bamber.* No---but I make him fill four octavo's---why it is'nt the original author now a days---he's never thought of---'tis the notes, alterations, illustrations, emendations---

*Ap-Hazard.* And botheration!---I beg pardon, I mean commentations.

*Sir Bamber.* Yes, Sir, and commentations,---look at that folio now---it's Gilderoy---that bonny boy, Gilderoy!---the poem originally consists of about eighteen stanzas: but my notes swell it to eighteen hundred lines!---and I hav'nt done yet---I'll have a new edition with additions and revisions, and I'll amplify the bonny boy into two thousand.

*Miss Union.* Ay: and perhaps make two thousand by it Mr. Ap-Hazard---Chaucer most likely did'nt get fifty pounds by his Poems, but Sir Bamber, with my manuscript, and a print from your bust, will make a fortune by his new edition---then his dress --is'nt it so classical.---This coat was once worn by the immortal Dryden.

*Sir Bamber.* The shoes were Rochester's, the waistcoat Wycherly's, and the wig, my old friend Hudibras's---They say I'm like Hudibras---Is'n't curious?

*Ap-Hazard.* Curious!—since I came to town, Sir Bamber, you are by far the greatest curiosity I've seen---(*Sir Charles Danvers advances*).---What do you want, sir.

*Sir Bamber.* Ay: what do you want, fir—hav'nt I told you that your marriage has undone you?—that you are a dead letter, fir—this is my heir now.

*Sir Charles.* I hope not, fir, when you consider that in my ruin an innocent lady is involved, I think you will renew your protection, and be as you have ever been—a friend—a father to me.

*Miss Union.* What right had you to marry that lady, when you knew she was betroth'd to my nephew, fir?

*Sir Charles.* No reflections on her, Madam—censure me as you please, but Lady Danvers has behaved so generously, that if I've not a fortune to reward her virtue, I'll prove I have the spirit to defend it!—Well, fir—what is your determination?

*Ap-Hazard (to Sir Charles).* Ask old Geoffery Chaucer. (*Pointing to the East*).—Ask him if the godson won't cut out the nephew?

*Sir Charles.* 'Tis too plain. I see I am deserted, and Lady Danvers and myself must part!—Mrs. Seymour no doubt will receive her daughter home again, and from this hour I'll trouble you no more. Farewell, fir! an unhappy marriage has been my ruin—may yours be more fortunate!

*Sir Bamber.* What do you say, Charles?—stay—

*Sir Charles.* I forgot—if Colonel Orville should arrest me for the large debt I owe him, may I ask your assistance in confinement?—I never had any thing but what resulted from your bounty, and it will not be robbing a new heir to support an old friend in a prison!—Now to Mrs. Seymour, and if she will but soften the afflictions of her daughter, I'll bear my own with patience!—*[Exit.]*

*Sir Bamber.* What, is he gone!—I've a great mind

mind to call him back and correct the press—holloa, Charles!

*Miss Union.* (To *Ap-Hazard*.) Now's the critical minute—shew him the bust—describe it's value—its beauties—put him in a good humour, or it's all over with you—Come, Sir Bamber,—never think of an ungrateful nephew—look at the bust—look at the image of immortal Chaucer!

*Ap-Hazard* (with the bust in his hand). Ay: here's old Geoffery!—here's the father of English Poets!—look, sir—does'nt this remind you of Palamon and Arcite?—the Flow'r of Curtesye?—the Assembly of Fools?

*Sir Bamber.* The *Knights Tale*, and the *Canterbury Tales*, and the money I shall make by my new edition?—Oh! that for Charles!—(snapping his fingers)—you're my heir! the possession of it will make me the envy of the Literati! the wonder of the *Cognocenti*!—the delight of the *Dilletanti*! the ——— I'm in an ecstasy!—let me—let me touch it.

*Miss Union.* Don't, for Heaven's sake—consider it's antiquity!—the least touch will crumble it to atoms—the day's our own! (aside to *Ap-Hazard*.)

*Ap-Hazard.* (The bust still in his hand). I defy Fortune now—(aside to *Miss*.)—What poetry flowed from this mouth!—What genius flash'd from these eyes!—What fancy revel'd in this brain!—Ay: ay: this is none of your modern paper skull'd authors—old Geoffery's head is found—found as—(here he lets his band fall on the head, and part of it breaks to pieces)—damnation!—what's to pay?

*Miss Union.* Pay!—the value of his estate, for you've



you've lost it.---Don't say a word, the more you talk, the worse you'll make it.

*Sir Bamber.* Finis!

*Miss Union.* Go to Mrs. Seymour, and leave me to compose him---what do you gape at?---run down stairs as fast as you can.

*Ap-Hazard.* Run down stairs!--I'm in such high luck, that I shoud'nt be surprizd if I trip'd at the top step, and without touching a single stair, shot head-long into the street!--its an unlucky house, and the sooner I'm out of it the better--pacify him--try to make peace for me, and don't fear my success with the widow; for if getting a wife, be getting into a scrape, I shall be married before the day's out--Oh Fortune! Fortune!--wilt thou never smile on me? *[Exit.]*

*Sir Bamber.* Was there ever such a hopeful heir!--on his first introduction, he squeezes my gouty hand--calls me a curiosity--breaks old Geoffrey's head, and then asks what's to pay?

*Miss Union.* Nay; its all accident; and you should rather pity than condemn his bad luck--give him another trial--besides, though the bust is broke, there's still the manuscript--

*Sir Bamber.* True: there's still Tricarinda--still that ancient poem written by Dan. Chaucer, of which you are now mistress, but which I shall possess the day you become Lady Bamber Black-letter.

*Enter Mrs. SEYMOUR.*

*Mrs. Seymour.* A bookseller is waiting in the hall, sir--

*Sir*

*Sir Bamber.* Oh: I'll come to him.—At your intercession, Miss Union, I'll try a second edition of this godson, but if he don't improve in his style, Charles will get into my books I promise you—Mrs. Seymour, good morning.

[*Exit.*

*Mrs. Seymour.* My good friend, I've just met Sir Charles Danvers—he tells me he is compell'd to part with my daughter, and begs me to take her to my house again—I cannot encounter it—indeed I cannot—the sight of her was once so dear to me, that——

*Miss Union.* Can I assist?—you know I am devoted to your service.

*Mrs. Seymour.* I'm sure you are: and as I cannot at present receive her under my roof, will you give her an asylum under yours?—it will prevent her being a wanderer, and prove, though she has forgotten her mother, I can still remember her.

*Miss Union.* Most willingly: I'll go to the Hotel, and take her to my house this instant—come, don't fret about it, my dear friend—recollect you always said, if she married against your consent, you'd marry too—think of Mr. Ap-Hazard—nay: I'm sure he's a favourite.

*Mrs. Seymour.* He is indeed—I respect him so much for his generous conduct towards me, and also for his artless, uncontaminated mind; that if I do marry again, Miss Union, he is the man of all others I shall select for my husband.

*Miss Union.* And you'd be right—he is the prettiest piece of pure innocence! Oh! if you had seen how the simple swain describ'd your charms to me!—how he kiss'd the picture you gave him!—how he swore if you didn't have him, he'd take away his own life on the spot

where he sav'd yours!---Come, come---Men are of some use in the creation, and widows can't marry too often---for if matrimony be a happy state, you ought to prove, to us spinsters, that you can't have enough of it! [Exeunt]

SCENE---*An Apartment in Mrs. SEYMOUR'S House.*

*Enter Lady DANVERS.*

*Lady.* Oh, Sir Charles!---when I left this house for Scotland, what pleasures did I not anticipate?---And now to return and find the doors shut against me!---however the servants have kindly admitted me, and here I will remain till my mother comes home; then if Mr. Ap-Hazard has'nt entirely supplanted me---but he has!---I know her heart is so full of love for him, there is'nt room left for her unhappy Juliana!

*Enter AP-HAZARD, hastily.*

*Ap-Hazard (fastening the stage door)* So---I've outrun him again---I've beat this great naval character a second time---he was the last man I wish'd to see---of course the first I met---full butt, face to face---and if he is'nt drown'd or press'd, I must leave London directly---never had man such infernal luck---(*draws a chair and sits in it*)---Yes; yes: you're in the old way, master Ap-Hazard.

*Lady.* Ap-Hazard!---this is the very gentleman.

*Ap-Hazard.* I can't pay him, and I dar'nt fight a duel!---(*Sees Lady Danvers*)---by St. David, a Divinity!---



Divinity!--Oh! here's trumps at last! (*rises*)---  
Madam! (*bowing*.)

*Lady*. Sir! (*curtseying*)---He seems good temper'd, and if I apply to him, perhaps he may befriend me.---Sir, I am the unfortunate daughter of Mrs. Seymour, and as you are now so high in her favour---

*Ap-Hazard*. Lady Danvers!--more hot-water by heavens!--My dear girl, I woud'nt have Mrs. Seymour suppose us tête-a-tête together---No---not to be friends with the freshwater Captain---not to have Chaucer's head whole again---not---

*Lady*. Nay, Sir, I only ask to live and die under my mother's roof; and if I were in your situation---and once I was so happy, Sir---I would not refuse to assist you---come, come---I know you have a humane heart, and I see---I see you will make interest for me! (*Laying bold of him*.)

*Ap-Hazard*. Fortune's at work again!--She's a syren!--I'm now on a trap-door, and in ten seconds I shall shoot down amidst ten thousand furies---pity a poor traveller and let me go---consider, if I get you into favour with Mrs. Seymour, I shall kick myself out of it---so I won't---I won't interfere for you.

*Lady*. (*Still laying bold of him*) You must---you shall!--I am parted from my husband, and if my mother does'nt receive me, who will?---think how critical, how delicate, how terrible is my situation!--Oh! you shall not leave me---look, on my knees I entreat you!--(*kneeling to him*.)

*Ap-Hazard*. Damme there's no standing kneeling. (*Kneels by her*) O you angel!--if at this moment I don't love you far, far beyond your mother---

*Enter Mrs. SEYMOUR.*

*Ap-Hazard.* Holloe !---What's to pay ?

*Mrs. Seymour.* Lady Danvers ! *Ap-Hazard !*—first inform me, madam, what brought you here ?

*Lady.* Ask your feelings, madam,

*Mrs. Seymour.* And now, fir, what brought you here ?

*Ap-Hazard.* Ask Fortune, madam.—Indeed its not my fault, for she knelt to me, and then when I look'd in her face, and saw it was so handsome—that is, so like her mother's—you comprehend——

*Mrs. Seymour.* I do, fir—she has art enough to corrupt the most artless.—Lady Danvers, an asylum is found for you—my friend Miss Union's carriage is waiting to conduct you to her house, where you will meet with that protection you chose to forsake in mine.

*Lady.* To Miss Union !---trust me with my enemy !—place me in the same house with Mr. Orville !—Oh, my mother !

*Ap-Hazard.* I'm out of one scrape at last !—so while the mother's lecturing the daughter, I'll read what accidents have befallen other unlucky dogs !  
—(*Takes a news-paper out of his pocket -- goes to the back part of the stage--takes a chair, and sits with his back turn'd to the audience.*)

*Mrs. Seymour.* I am determined---the servant will shew you to the carriage---who waits there ?  
(*Enter Tom Seymour.*)---What do you want, fir ?

*Tom.* I'll tell you when I've breath---that Welch smuggler has so winded me with chasing him---I won his money fairly, and if he don't pay and apologize, I'll burn, sink, and destroy him  
when

whenever I come up with him---Juliana!---my sister!---

*Lady.* Brother, intercede for me---I only ask for shelter under my mother's roof, and she refuses me!

*Tom.* I know the reason---she is going to be married.

*Mrs. Seymour.* No matter, sir---I will be obey'd.

*Tom.* Then look ye, Juliana; you shall turn sailor and live with me---we'll steer through life together, and you shall share my honours and my profits! (*Mrs. Seymour smiles.*)---Ay; my profits, madam!---I'd have you know, next week I am going a Voyage of Discoveries---all along the coast, from Whitehall to Windsor.

*Mrs. Seymour.* Perhaps I don't mean to marry at all, sir---if I do, I hope I shall make a better choice than your sister has done---not unite myself to a ruin'd gambler, like Sir Charles Danvers! no, the man I shall select, will boast a pure uncontaminated mind, a faithful and an innocent heart, and one who never saw a gaming-table in his life.

*Tom.* Mefs! I'd be glad to see such a fellow! but I suppose its like a faster sailor than the Sprightly Kitty---a thing not to be found.

*Ap-Hazard.* (*Still in the chair, with his back towards audience*)---Trumps!---Trumps!

*Tom.* What's this the uncontaminated gentleman!

*Mrs. Seymour.* It is, sir.

*Ap-Hazard* (*not regarding them*)---Oh! Game! Game!

*Tom.* Why, wind and tide seem both in his favour!---hollow! father-in-law!

(*Tom*



(*Tom smacks him on the back---Ap-Hazard jumps up, and they meet face to face.*)

*Ap-Hazard.* What's to pay?

*Tom.* What, is it you?-- is this the innocent faithful creature, that never saw a gaming-table?---ha! ha! He is really the most unlucky lubba living---do you know, mother, last night at hazard, he took twelve back hands running, and threw crabs to every one of them! and tossing up for guineas, he called tails, and it came heads twenty times following---damme, never call tails, papa---never!

*Mrs. Seymour.* This is very extraordinary---Mr. Ap-Hazard, I had the highest opinion of your honour; and when I gave you my picture---

*Tom.* Gave him your picture!

*Ap-Hazard.* To be sure she did---look at it my undone son-in-law (*putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket*) no; its not there---hang me, if ever I put my hand in the right pocket in my life---its here.

*Tom.* No, its here! (*taking the miniature out of his pocket and holding it up*) look at it, my undone father-in-law---I won it of him last night at La Fleece'em's, and never thought of looking at it before; but now I see the family likeness---there, take it, mother, and let it remind you, that parents ought'nt to turn their children adrift, for chusing a bad pilot, till they're sure they could have found a better for them, themselves.

*Mrs. Seymour.* I see, and am asham'd of my credulity---Mr. Ap-Hazard, I desire we may never meet again---come Juliana---I'll go with you myself to Miss Union's, where if you conduct yourself with propriety for a few weeks, I will recal you to my

my house—to my heart!—banish from my memory the errors of Lady Danvers, and once more be alive to the virtues of my long-lov'd daughter.

*Lady.* Can you be so generous?—I'll die e'er I a second time forsake you—and yet my mother—

*Mrs. Seymour.* Nay; nor you, my son, neither of you must doubt Miss Union.

*Tom.* Not doubt her!—for my part I don't know her, for except when the Thames is froze over, I am never at home.

*Mrs. Seymour.* She is my dearest friend, and is so fond of your society (*to Lady*) that I must keep my word with her—come—Mr. Seymour, let me see you to-morrow—for you, Mr. Ap-Hazard, the only reparation you can make me, is to quit my house this instant.

[*Exit with Lady Danvers.*]

*Tom.* (*after a pause*) Papa.

*Ap-Hazard.* Tommy,—was there ever such luck?

*Tom.* Luck! ascribe it to luck! its all owing to impudence, vice—

*Ap-Hazard.* There now! this is always the way. When one man gets down in life and another gets up, the world exclaims, “its all owing to good or bad conduct;” I say, its owing to good or bad luck; and I ask you candidly, when you were shipwreck'd on the coast of Battersea, was it good luck or good management that made you land in seven inch water, noble Captain?

*Tom.* Come, there's a great deal in chance to be sure, and as the tide is against you, its unsailor-like to add to your distress—so forget and forgive my boy! nay, you were merry enough just now—what was the good news, that made you cry—“Trumps! trumps!”

*Ap.*

*Ap-Hazard.* I forgot that--there's a card yet--*(kisses newspaper)*--sweet creature, I'll go to her directly--look Captain, read that advertisement.

*Tom. (reading newspaper)* "Matrimony!--a Lady who has a heart to dispose of, would be happy to unite herself to a man of sense and honour."

*Ap-Hazard.* That's me.

*Tom. (Reads.)* "She is indifferent about a fortune, as she has two thousand a year in a brass-manufactory--apply to Miss U-----, No. 402, Grosvenor-street.---N. B. She would prefer an officer in the army or navy."---Ay; that's me.

*Ap-Hazard.* You see--I'll go directly.

*Tom.* No--you don't--I'll go.

*Ap-Hazard.* You go!

*Tom.* Yes; I'll go--don't you see she prefers an officer in the navy, and do you think I'd suffer my honour'd father to marry a woman made of brass?---no, no--I'll go; and, if I succeed, I'll not only return all the prize I took from you, but give you a third of her booty beside.

*Ap-Hazard.* Will you? gad! I want the money, not the wife, and as you're so fortunate a fellow--

*Tom.* And you so unfortunate a one, that you'd sink a ship.

*Ap-Hazard.* A navy by heavens! so its a bargain, Captain---we'll go to La Fleece'em's, where I'm to take my seat in my new uniform, and then you shall visit the Lady.

*Tom.* No, not till to-morrow---this is the most important day in the whole year--the Vauxhall sailing match, you rogue--the Sprightly Kitty is sure of the Cup, and then think what eclat it will give my introduction. *(Looks at his watch)* Oh!

its



its time to be on board—so go to La Fleece'em's alone—put on your new uniform---here's something to warm the pockets with, (*giving him money*) and now if you get into a scrape—

*Ap-Hazard* (*putting money in his long purse*) I know how to get out of it—what's to pay, noble Captain, what's to pay? [Exit.]

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT

## A C T III.

SCENE.—An Apartment in Miss UNION'S House.

Enter SIR BAMBER BLACKLETTER and LADY DANVERS.

*Sir Bamber.* Send for a Proctor, did you say! ---have you applied to Mrs. Seymour?

*Lady.* I have, sir, but there is no end to my mother's credulity----this morning I informed her, that Miss Union wish'd me to gain a divorce from Sir Charles, in order that I might marry Mr. Orville---nay :---that she had even sent for a Proctor to consult on the subject, and consequently that while I remain'd in this house, I knew I should be expos'd to one continued scene of danger and of insult.

*Sir Bamber.* Well!--and what was Mrs. Seymour's answer!

*Lady.* That she disbelieved the whole story, and bid me beware how I accus'd Miss Union falsely---stay here I will not---I'd rather die than pass another night under this roof--Oh, sir!--you were once a friend to me.

*Sir Bamber.* So I am still---I'm a friend to the whole sex---that is to the young part---for though I'm very fond of old books, because they sometimes fetch a great price, I've no attachment for old women, for they never fetch any price at all---I tell you what---though I dare say Miss Union and Mrs. Seymour have both good reasons for their

conduct, yet there shall always be a place in my library for such a beautiful octavo as your Ladyship---you shall come to my house.

*Lady.* Will you be so generous?

*Sir Bamber.* To be sure I will---od!!---Charles is somewhat in my books again, and if I could find the young runaway---where can he have hid himself?

*Lady.* I have not heard from him since we parted, and if he knew how I regarded him---Ah, sir!---but for Miss Union's influence, we might be still united---I not suffering separation!---nor he in danger of a prison.

*Sir Bamber.* Not a word against Miss Union---she possesses the Chaucerian Manuscript---the dear delicious Trickarinda!---and now I think on't---if I'm found decoying you from her house she'll be so offended---Oh Lord!---I shall lose the darling treasure.

*Lady.* Nay, sir!---Miss Union need'nt know where I'm gone, nor that you are concern'd in my escape.

*Sir Bamber.* True:---if it could be manag'd---let me see---now for a plot---I'm well read in old plays and --- I have it---are you not going to the Opera to night?

*Lady.* I am---I sit in Miss Union's box.

*Sir Bamber.* Then I'll meet you there and find a way to get off unseen---it's a modern plot, but so much the better---like the plots in modern plays, it's not likely to be found out---(*knocking at the door.*)---This is the Proctor, perhaps,---(*Enter a servant.*)---Who is it?

*Servant.* A strange gentleman, who wants to see my mistress, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Bamber.* Ay: ay:---it's the Proctor---let us get



get out of the way—till we meet at the Opera farewell!—I'll secure your escape, and if this godson—this what's to pay Welchman, at our next meeting, squeezes hands and breaks heads, Charles shall be my heir still.

*Lady.* Sir, I am all gratitude---adieu!

*Sir Bamber.* Adieu!--its very odd what makes all the women so fond of me? No---it is'nt---my literary reputation compels them to adore me---I'm the English Ovid!--I'm a new edition of the Art of Love---“Sigh no more ladies, &c.”

[*Exit singing---Lady Danvers exit.*]

*Enter Miss UNION and SERVANT.*

*Miss Union.* No doubt it's the gentleman from Doctors Commons---threw him up directly---[*Exit Servant.*]---poor Mr. Ap-Hazard! I declare I quite pity him for his bad fortune, and pity is so nearly allied to love---heigho!--oh! here's the Proctor---now if we can bring about a divorce between Sir Charles and Lady Danvers, she and the large Cornwall estate may be Orville's still.

*Enter TOM SEYMOUR and SERVANT.*

*Tom.* (*The newspaper in his hand.*) This is No. 402, and that's your mistress, you say.

*Miss Union.* Yes, sir,---you're quite right---pray be seated.

*Tom.* Ma'am! (*sitting*)---it's her---it's the Brass Lady!--now to strike her at once (*aside*)---I gain'd the Cup, Ma'am!--the Sprightly Kitty won easy---I'll tell you how it was Ma'am.

*Miss Union.* Sir!

*Tom.* Six vessels set sail for the prize---the Neptune

Neptune got the start and kept it---that is, as far as Milbank---there the Sprightly Kitty came up with her, and then, ma'am, had you seen me at the helm!---laid her close to the wind---kept between my antagonist and the shore---got the weather-gage---caught a breeze---shot over to the Lambeth coast---tack'd---upset a boat full of common councilmen---dash'd through the middle arch---brought her about---dropt anchor off the Proprietor's barge---receiv'd the cup---guns firing---drums beating---the crew huzzaing!---Oh dam'me, ma'am, if you like officers in the navy, I'm the man.

*Miss Union.* This is very extraordinary---but now-a-days men of business are all men of pleasure---however, to the point if you please---I sent for you about a divorce.

*Tom.* What!

*Miss Union.* I say, I sent for you about a divorce.

*Tom.* And I came to you about a marriage.

*Miss Union.* Marriage!---Lord help you!---it's a proctor I want.

*Tom.* No, no---it's a parson you want.

*Miss Union.* Me! 'tis not of myself I'm talking---'tis of a young couple who have lately parted---Sir Charles and Lady Danvers.

*Tom.* Sir Charles and Lady Danvers!

*Miss Union.* Yes: I want my nephew to marry the lady, and therefore if you can put me in a way to manage a divorce---look!---(holds up a purse)---I understand feeling!

*Tom.* Pray---does Lady Danvers wish this?

*Miss Union.* No---to be sure she does'nt---but what signifies that?---Here---(offering a purse)---Nay; nobody will know or blame you for it.

*Tom. (rising.)* Yes: there is one person who will both know and blame me for it.

*Miss Union.* Who?

*Tom.* Myself!--hark ye:--I don't care a rope's end for Sir Charles--but for Lady Danvers--for my poor Juliana! I would'nt add to her distress, if you'd give me a three decker, and ballast it with your own brags!--so that (*snapping his fingers*) for your two thousand a year, and as for your heart--miss!--I don't wonder you want to dispose of it, for at night-time, it must be a damn'd troublesome mess-mate to you.

*Miss Union.* Why, what does the brute mean?

*Tom.* Mean!--that you may advertise for a husband every day in the week, and not even my cabin boy will have you--there--there's your hand-bill--(*giving her the news-paper*)--you may keep it for Tom Seymour--Yes: for the brother of Lady Danvers.

*Miss Union.* The brother of Lady Danvers!--What! are you the famous sailor I've heard so much of?--the mighty navigator who annually costs his mother three hundred pounds, for damage done the shipping in running foul of them!--Sir, I am Mrs. Seymour's dearest friend, Miss Union, and I'll inform her--

*Tom.* You her dearest friend!--then bless the Sprightly Kitty for keeping me clear of the family acquaintance!--You inform her!--I'll go to her directly--I'll tell her about your proctors, parsons, and divorces; and if I've not got a wife by the interview, I'll prove at least that I have sav'd a sister,--ay; and expos'd a false friend by it!--Your servant--

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Sir, Mr. Ap-Hazard is below--he desir'd



desir'd me to inform you, that he is in a hurry to go to the opera; and, as he is in want of ready money, he begs you or the lady will let him have a hundred pounds on account.

*Tom.* What, he expects to finger the brass, does he? Tell him the lady means to keep it all to herself—Stay—I'll tell him myself. Look ye; if my mother don't remove you from the command of Juliana, I will!—she is my sister—and may I never fire a cannon, find an island, or make a fortune by prize-money, if she shall be run aground, while her brother has an arm to steer with!

[*Exit.*

*Miss Union.* I defy him; Mrs. Seymour will believe nothing to my disadvantage, I'm sure—but what is all this? (*looking at the newspaper*) I advertise for a husband! I who never pass a day without an offer!—that have a list of discarded lovers as long as Pall-Mall!—that can marry Sir Bamber at a moment's notice!—and here—to be stuck up here amongst Picture Galleries, Poney Races, Quacks, Conjurors—ha! I begin to suspect now—it's a trick—a stratagem of Sir Charles or Lady Danvers—

*Enter ORVILLE.*

*Miss Union.* My dear nephew, I'm so glad you're come—I've received such a new provocation from Sir Charles or his wife, that I have now no longer any motive for restraining your conduct towards the lady—you may act as you please.

*Orville.* May I?—then I'll compel her to sue for a divorce—once in my pow'r, I'll answer for forcing her to consent to a final separation from her husband: she is now in the next room, and—

*Miss Union.* Hold—this house is sacred on Mrs. Seymour's account. To-night you will find her at the opera; but remember, whatever are your plans, I have nothing to do with them.

*Orville.* I understand—I'll not involve you—Oh! at the opera—I'll take care to secure her—*(knocking)* What's that knocking?—In the passage, too, when I enter'd, there was such a croud of strange figures—however, I must repair to the opera—till we meet there, good night.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Ma'am, here's a Scotch gentleman says he comes according to advertisement.

*More knocking, and enter another SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Ma'am, here's a Frenchman asking for the lady who wants a husband.

*More knocking, and enter another SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Ma'am, here are six young Irishmen.

*Miss Union.* Six young Irishmen! mercy! here'll be the whole town presently—lock the doors—shut up the house, and, d'ye hear, tell the gentlemen, I don't want a husband—yes, tell them I do—but that instead of having two thousand a year, I owe thirty thousand pounds—Come, Orville—Oh! if I don't match them all, say I'm no match-maker.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE—*The Coffee-room at the Opera House—the Bar, with Women behind—Fruit, Ice, Lemonade, &c. on it.*

*Enter three Orange Women.*

*First Woman (speaking to the woman at the Bar.)*  
A tumbler of water for General Symphony—he was seized with hysterics during the last song.

*Second Woman.* A glass of pine ice for the Duchess of Prattle—she has talk'd herself into a high fever.

*Third Woman.* Some jellies for Lord Totter—and here—some hartshorn for Lady Danvers, who has fainted away at the door of the coffee-room.

*Enter ORVILLE.*

*Orville.* Be quick, be quick, I tell you, or Lady Danvers will die—Curse old Sir Bamber—to be handing her out of Miss Union's box at a moment—however, I tripp'd up his heels—took her from him, and, if she hadn't fainted with apprehension, by this time she had been safe on the road to my country-house—*(woman gives him hartshorn)*—Now to revive her, and then—zounds! Sir Bamber again!

*Enter Sir BAMBER, BLACKLETTER.*

*Sir Bamber.* This opera-house is no house for us literary characters—Oh, Mr. Orville! I've been so insulted—this instant, as I was conducting Lady



Danvers out of Miss Union's box, a bullying fellow seiz'd me by the arm—twirl'd me round like a T totum, and sent me head foremost to the ground, as dead as old Chaucer.

*Orville.* Well, sir, I hope you don't suspect me?

*Sir Bamber.* Suspect you!—what the nephew of my dear Miss Union?—No, no—and yet it's well I know your regard for me, for the fellow was dress'd in a similar coat to your's—though the passage was dark, and we commentators are very short-sighted, yet I'll swear the rascal had on the uniform of La Fleece'em's club.

*Orville.* Very likely—I'm not the only person here in the uniform—there's Sir Charles Danvers—

*Sir Bamber.* Charles in the uniform!—he the ruffian!—Oh, the desperado!—Well! whoever it is, Mr. Orville, he has not only taken from me the sweetest girl in England, but also the greatest curiosity in the whole world—my snuff-box!—my invaluable snuff-box! which Charles the Second gave Killigrew for his jokes, and which a pawnbroker gave me for sixty guineas—help me to search for him—

*Orville.* Excuse me—I'm engaged—Now to carry Lady Danvers to my villa, and then she's mine for ever! (*aside*) Good night, Sir Bamber; and, depend on't, Sir Charles was your assailant. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Bamber.* Charles my assailant!—then Ap-Hazard is my heir, and I'll leave Lady Danvers to starve with her husband. I could forgive his taking his wife from me, but to knock me down, and steal my Killigrew!—Oh!—they may both go to Scotland again—I've done with them—I've—hah! who comes here?—another man in the uniform! (*stands aside*)

*Enter*

*Enter AP-HAZARD in the Uniform.*

*Ap-Hazard.* Bravo, Master Ap-Hazard!—since you've put on this uniform, you've come on amazingly—Miss Union has exchange'd such glances with me, that there's no doubt I shall finger the brass yet; and crossing the passage, I found such a valuable curiosity—such a divine snuff-box—*(takes a pinch of snuff out of it, and puts it in his pocket)*—ha! Bam! how are you, Bam?

*Sir Bamber.* Bam!—surely he can't be the ruffian—what brought you here, fir?

*Ap-Hazard.* I came to see the opera, fir—but the thing's impossible—I hav'nt had a glimpse of a single dancer or singer.

*Sir Bamber.* And why, fir?

*Ap-Hazard.* Because the audience are the performers, and there's nothing to be seen on the stage, but soldiers, scene-shifters, prompters, and those pasteboard figures stuck on to the scenes, call'd men of fashion—Do you know, Bam, in Wales we us'd to pay but sixpence to look at a waggon full of wild beasts—but here, at the opera-house, you pay half-a-guinea to peep only at monkies.

*Sir Bamber.* Hark ye, fir—didn't you assault me just now?

*Ap-Hazard.* Me assault you?

*Sir Bamber.* Yes, fir—didn't you take Lady Danvers from me?

*Ap-Hazard.* Me!—no, no—I was rather unfortunate in the morning, but now I'm in better luck, and we'll be better friends—give me your hand—no—not the gouty one—there—and now

I'll make you amends for fracturing old Geoffrey's skull—here—*(pulling out a paper)*—here's such a literary treasure—

*Sir Bamber.* Is there?—let's see it.

*Ap-Hazard.* Gently—no hurry—I look upon you as the father of the literati—the chief of commentators—the king of blue stockings—and therefore I'll read to you an original stanza, written by Shakespeare—written for one of the witches in Macbeth.

*Sir Bamber.* An original stanza for one of the witches!—Oh! let me hear.

*Ap-Hazard.* Ay—never, never publish'd—listen.

*(Reads.)*

Hinx, spinx, the Devil winks,

The fat begins to fry;

Nobody at home but jumping Joan,

Father, mother, and I.

O, U, T,

With a black, and a brown snout,

Out! Pout! Out!

There!—isn't that genuine?

*Sir Bamber.* Genuine! I'll take my oath it's Shakespeare's!—Yes, yes, Charles was the ruffian—repeat it, my dear boy, repeat it—"Hinx, spinx—

*Ap-Hazard (taking snuff.)* "The Devil winks"—take a pinch *(offering him his own snuff-box)*—why what do you stare at?—take a pinch, I say.

*Sir Bamber (snatching the box from him.)* It is! no it isn't—yes, it is—my own dear Killigrew—Oh, you accomplish'd villain!

*Ap-Hazard.*



*Ap-Hazard.* Villain!—I found it—I——

*Sir Bamber.* It's all out now!—he was the assassin, and Charles is innocent. Now ar'nt you a pretty scoundrel!—At our first interview, you break old Geoffrey's skull; and at the second you crack mine!—Look'ye, you may return to Wales, for I'll adopt a printer's devil—a compositor—a fly-boy—any body, in preference to such a hinx-spinx impostor!

*Ap-Hazard.* What!—you give me up, do you?

*Sir Bamber.* Give you up!—if it wer'nt for Miss Union, I'd have you hang'd!

*Ap-Hazard.* Well!—what then?

*Sir Bamber.* What then!

*Ap-Hazard.* Ay, what then?—When a man has no luck in one world—damme it's insupportable! I'm tir'd out: and at this moment I'm in such a conflagration, that I could burn the theatre myself, and all the people in it.—Here—give me something cooling—ice—lemonade—vinegar!—*(goes up to the bar, and in his hurry breaks three or four glasses).*—Very well!—"What's to pay?"—curse it!—"what's to pay?"

*Sir Bamber.* Poor Lady Danvers!—I wonder what's become of her: if I could find her, and make her amends—Heh! here she is, and Orville with her!

*Enter LADY DANVERS, struggling with ORVILLE.*

*Lady, (speaking as she enters).* Sir, I insist—nay, I must—I will be heard!—Gentlemen, if you have any pity, protect me from this hypocrite.—Sir Bamber!—Mr. Ap-Hazard! you once sav'd my mother in distress, now extend your gallantry to her unfortunate daughter!

*Orville.*

*Orville.* Psha! they'll neither of them interfere for you: one's too old—the other too dastardly—

*Ap-Hazard.* Who's dastardly!—I'll interfere for her—or for any body—or for every body!

*Orville.* Indeed!—What makes you so mad-headed?

*Ap-Hazard.* What makes one man a highway-man?—another a suicide?—a third a duellist?—Why desperation!—desperation!—I'm chuck-full of it at this moment! I can't be worse off than I am, so yield up the lady, or else take hold of the corner of that handkerchief—we'll fight across it, muzzle to muzzle, Mr. Orville!

*Orville.* This interruption's tedious—Lady Danvers, I insist—*(laying hold of her)*.

*Ap-Hazard, (standing before them).* Stop, sir! I see, you're one of those puppies, who having lost all character, try to relieve it, by robbing women of their honour and men of their lives—*(here Orville produces pistols)*—If so, there's my card—here's my pistol—*(taking one from Orville)*—and, unlucky as I am, I'll bet twenty to ten my shot against yours—*(presents pistol)*. Out of the way, Barn,—out of the way!

*Orville.* This is'nt a proper place to adjust these matters in; you'll bring the audience to see you.

*Ap-Hazard.* So much the better: I like to bring an audience to see me: and the fuller the house, the more my acting will be applauded.—However, if we can't fight here, we can fight elsewhere:—come over the way to my lodgings—*(Orville pauses)*. What! does Fortune leave you in the lurch?—Look, ma'am—look at the losing hero!

*Orville.* Don't fancy I'm afraid, sir: I don't like to leave the lady, that's all.

*Sir*

*Sir Bamber, (aside to Orville).* Oh! I'll take care of her, upon my honour.

*Orville.* What, you'll keep her safe till I return?—then I'll go with him—there is no other way; and after all I don't think he'll fight.—Come, sir, no delay—Madam, I'll make an example of your champion; and when I come back——

*Ap-Hazard.* Madam, he shall never come back again!—There's no danger; if he will fight, I won't: and the man who makes up his mind to one or to the other, is equally determined—*(aside).*—Come along, sir.—Bam, I'm resolv'd—Madam, he's a dead man!

*[Exit with ORVILLE.]*

*Sir Bamber.* There they go—and now, my sweet octavo, we'll go too. I forgive the fellow every thing—I do; because he has sav'd you from Orville, who I now see was the real villain after all.

*Lady.* Ah, sir!—but if Mr. Ap-Hazard should lose his life?—

*Sir Bamber.* Lose his life!—bless you: when a quarrel takes place at a theatre, it's five to one they don't fight; and if they do, it's ten to one neither of them are wounded. But come, let's to my house directly, and leave the people of fashion to sleep over the opera by themselves.—Do you know, Juliana, I've a great mind to give up literature, and learn to caper: I have, for this reason—now-a-days, the worst dancer makes more by his heels, than the best author does by his head!

*[Exeunt.]*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.



## A C T IV.

SCENE.---*Outside of SIR BAMBER'S House in Grosvenor Square.*

*Enter SIR BAMBER and LADY DANVERS.*

*Sir Bamber.* Ay, ay: I told you how the duel would end.

*Lady.* Had'nt we better enter your house, Sir? ---we may be pursued.

*Enter from the House, SAMUEL.*

*Samuel.* Oh Sir!---I'm glad you're come home,

*Sir Bamber.* Why, what's the matter, firrah?

*Samuel.* There's been such a rumpus, fir!---Mrs. Seymour's butler has been here, asking after your Honour and Lady Danvers,

*Sir Bamber.* Indeed!

*Samuel.* Yes,---They have been inform'd that you had carried off the lady from the opera.---There'll be blood spilt I'm sure, for Mrs. Seymour and her son, Miss Union and her nephew, all vow revenge; and if Lady Danvers is found in our house---

*Sir Bamber.* None of your illustrations, firrah!  
(*Exit SAMUEL.*)---What's to be done?---Mrs. Seymour will persecute, Orville and her son insult me; and Miss Union----'s death! I shall lose both her and Trickarinda---no, no, she mus'nt be found in my house.

*Lady.* I'm sorry to perplex you, fir; and if I knew how---

*Sir Bamber.* There is only one way---you must return

return to Miss Union's : for I'd rather be accus'd of having written all the new novels of last year, than prov'd to be author of your present elopement.—Mercy on me ! here's one of our pursuers. (*They go up the stage.*)

*Enter AP-HAZARD, (the flap of his coat torn).*

*Ap-Hazard.* Here's luck now !---I receive an assignation from Miss Union---keep on my best dress——

*Sir Bamber.* Oh, its only you, is it ?

*Ap-Hazard.* I receive an assignation, I say---knock at the lady's door---all joy and expectation---when a little square terrier-fac'd fellow seizes me by the flap of the coat ; tears it asunder ; calls me a money-lender, himself a coach-maker, and swears I swindl'd him out of a chariot worth three hundred pounds.---I explain ; and he coolly walks off, saying he never saw one man more like another than I am to the notorious A. B.——Curse him ! I must go home, and refit myself for the assignation.

*Sir Bamber, (stopping him).* Don't you see Lady Danvers ?—she's all gratitude for your gallantry ; and, between ourselves, she has made notes on your figure : she likes your title-page---your frontispiece---mum---she's fond of you.

*Ap-Hazard.* They all are !---Oh, with the women I'm always fortunate !---bless them ! they never got me into a scrape.

*Sir Bamber.* Didn't they ?---you're a luckier fellow then than I thought you.

*Ap-Hazard.* Never : they never lead any body into mischief.

*Sir Bamber.* No !---why here's one of them  
5 has

has put a full stop to all my flights in love and literature.----The sex never get you into difficulties, you say?—I've a great mind to fix him with the care of Lady Danvers-- (*aside*)---I will. —Hark'ye!--she's in a particular situation---she wants a protector.

*Ap-Hazard.* A protector!

*Sir Bamber.* Ay: don't you know what a protector is?

*Ap-Hazard.* Oh!--a man who takes care of himself.

*Sir Bamber.* Come, that's a new reading.——She has no home, I tell you; and as I heard you say you were going to your lodgings, will you take her under your arm?

*Ap-Hazard.* Will I not!—My dear Barn, always put yourself in Fortune's way.----Madam!

*Sir Bamber.* Hush! I'll speak to her.——What a nanny-goat it is!-- (*aside.*)——Juliana—I can't keep my countenance--- (*laughing*)——as you see the danger of going to my house, and object to return to Miss Union's, I've thought of a snug shelf for you: a female relation of mine lives in the next street, and this favourite of the ladies (*smiling at Ap-Hazard*) here will conduct you---nay, he'll fight for you, I warrant; though not a profess'd duellist, he can crack a skull as well as any cudgeller in England.

*Lady.* Sir, I've no reason to think Mr. Ap-Hazard will lead me into danger.

*Ap-Hazard.* There you're wrong, madam; I never take a step without getting into danger: and since I entered this inauspicious town, I've got into every scrape a man can get into---except one.

*Lady.* And what is that one?

*Ap-*



*Ap-Hazard.* A law-suit!---I've had no commerce with the lawyers; although I've heard there are 200,000, I've escaped them all: and that's an equivalent for most of my bad fortune.---Come, let's begone, madam.---I say, don't you envy me?

*Sir Bamber.* I do: John Gilpin was nothing to you.---Stop though: treat her kindly--behave like a man of honour.

*Ap-Hazard.* Honour!---now I think on't, what's become of Miss Union?---she's waiting all this time, and---Well! I'll see her safe, (*pointing to Lady Danvers*) and then once more for the assignation.---Lady Danvers, I've an arm to fight for you, a head to plot for you, and a heart to feel for you!---and---Oh, Sir Bam! "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:" I'm now at high-water mark, and this pilot will steer me into such an ocean of luck, that henceforth my watch-word shall be "what's to receive?" never will I ask "what's to pay?" again.

[*Exit with LADY DANVERS.*]

*Sir Bamber.* Ha, ha, ha!---Good luck to you.---Now there'll be no blood spilt: I can triumph over Mrs. Seymour and her son, and preserve Miss Union and Trickarinda.

*Enter TOM and MRS. SEYMOUR.*

*Tom.* Where is my sister, sir?---You have decoy'd her from the opera, and taken me from an harpooning party at Putney, where the fish are now waiting for me---Deliver her up this instant, or by the regatta I swear---

*Sir Bam.* None of your pitch and tar here, sir!  
---Mrs.

—Mrs. Seymour, least this libellous report should injure me in Miss Union's good opinion, I am compelled to give up the real author at once—my hopeful heir is the gentleman.—Lady Danvers is this instant gone with Ap-Hazard to his lodgings.

*Tom.* Oh you old marauder!—what! follow the track of Munchausen?—try to outfail that great discoverer on the marvellous ocean!—All I know is, if Ap-Hazard has steer'd off with the Juliana brig, there'll be a pretty smart engagement between her and the Union fire-ship.

*Mrs. Seymour.* Hold, sir!—hav'nt I told you not to reflect on that good woman?

*Tom.* And hav'nt I told you to reflect on that good woman?—I say Miss Union is a crazy vessel; and as a proof of it, she sent Ap-Hazard a love-letter—he shew'd it me; and may I never set the Thames on fire, if I don't think she is now in his cabin.—Juliana's a good girl; and takes too much after her brother, to act in an unsailor-like or dishonourable manner.

*Sir Bamber.* This is'nt to be borne!—Mrs. Seymour, that you may be eye-witness of mine and Miss Union's innocence, will you go with me to Ap-Hazard's lodgings?—In the mean time, your illiterate amphibious son here may examine my house.

*Mrs. Seymour.* With all my heart.—Come, sir.

*Sir Bamber, (to Tom).* Mind though—when you enter the library, don't steal any of the manuscripts.

*Tom.* I steal them!—pooh! they're too heavy for the Sprightly Kitty: one cargo of black-letter ballast would sink her and the whole crew.

*Mrs. Seymour.* Will you never forego this aquatic

tic mania?—will you never be creditable to your family, or useful to your country?

*Tom.* Useful to my country?—I never had an opportunity of proving it. But I'll tell you what—if an enemy's fleet appears off our coast, I'll not trouble myself about the salt-water, because there are tight lads enough to take care of the Channel; but for fresh-water, if they venture above bridge, only let me catch 'em in Chelsea Reach, and I and the Sprightly Kitty will give them such broadsides.—Oh! we'll assert the dignity of old Thames; and, while we've a plank to stand on, protect its fisheries, coal-barges, navigation, and trade. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE—AP-HAZARD'S Lodgings; a Table, with Wine; two Chairs.

*Enter AP-HAZARD and LADY DANVERS.*

*Ap-Hazard, (in another coat).* Now to meet Miss Union—Good b'ye: order what you want.

*Lady.* Don't leave me, I entreat you.

*Ap-Hazard.* Not leave you!—I'm sure you'll pardon me when I confess I've an assignation; the lady has been waiting these two hours: and no wonder at it, for when I set out for one place, I'm so sure of arriving at another, that the other day, when I meant to dine at Hyde-Park Corner, the drunken hackney-coachman set me down at Shoreditch church.

*Lady.* I only ask you to remain till the mistress of the house comes home.—Pray have you ever seen or convers'd with her?

*Ap-Hazard.* Saw her this morning; she brought me my bill; and because I wasn't fortunate enough to pay her, she bid me quit my lodgings.

E

*Lady.*



*Lady.* Your lodgings!—surely I'm not deceiv'd.—Pray, sir, whose room is this?

*Ap-Hazard.* Mine, ma'am—these are my apartments. In the next room there lodges a dashing young baronet: nobody knows his name; because he is so afraid of being tap'd on the shoulder, that he has'nt stir'd out since he came.—Over head is an old lady, who is all day fencing—underneath is a young one learning to play on the trumpet—in the the garret is a spouting author—and over him is a nightly concert of mewling cat-erwauling lovers.

*Lady.* Sir, answer me this question—is the mistress of this house a relation of Sir Bamber's?

*Ap-Hazard.* No, to be sure she is'nt—hang it, she may though; for now I recollect, I've seen her roll up butter of her own making in manuscripts of his writing.—Well, it's too late for Miss Union now; no doubt she has given me up; and since you've been the cause of my disappointing one dear creature, make me amends by allowing me to make love to a dearer—one kiss—

*Lady.* Don't come near me, sir!

*Ap-Hazard.* I thought you'd prove a lucky star, and you have: my heart forbodes such a scene of good fortune—*(offers to kiss her)*—nay, if I don't behave like a gentleman, may I never turn up an honour as long as I live!

*Lady.* Keep off, I insist, sir!—Is this your generosity! Oh, Sir Charles Danvers!—Sir Charles Danvers!—what misery has our union entailed upon me!—what have I suffered by forming an alliance, without considering whether there was fortune or affection to support it.

*Ap-Hazard.* Sir Charles Danvers!—pooh!—I don't care that for him: I've turn'd him out of  
one

one house already ; and if he were here at this moment, I'd say to him——

*Enter SIR CHARLES DANVERS.*

*Sir Charles.* Well, fir !—what would you say to him ?

*Ap-Hazard.* What's to pay ?—Nothing more, upon my word.

*Sir Charles.* Being in the next room, and hearing my name, I came to see who utter'd it——Lady Danvers !—alone—and in the apartments of my enemy !——What ! because he has supplanted me in my uncle's affections, does he rival me in yours ?—because he is heir to a large fortune, is he more worthy your regard, than a ruin'd, lost, unhappy husband ?——Speak !

*Lady.* Sir Charles, your former good opinion I do not wish to forfeit ; and if not lov'd, I cannot bear to be despis'd. I have been betray'd here : first, by the artifices of Miss Union and Orville ; and next, by the treachery of your uncle and his friend.—This is my justification : and now judge, whether he can atone for the loss of a husband, who till this hour I honour'd and esteem'd.

*Sir Charles.* Hear me, fir !—What ill intentions urg'd you to attempt such daring villainy ?

*Ap-Hazard.* Ill luck, not ill intentions, I assure you, fir.—A woman never led me into a scrape before : and I thought by sticking close to an angel, to keep the devil at an agreeable distance.—But I see Love as well as Fortune makes a fool of me—they're both blind to my merits——and so good-night.

*Sir Charles.* Hold, fir !—fir not a step !——Lady Danvers, misfortune, not hatred, parted us ;

and with my life I'll guard you from your enemies—Give me your hand—Ah! you once gave it me——

*Lady.* I did: and if it be worth keeping, take it again, Sir Charles. I've bought experience since you left me; and I feel a pleasure in declaring, that were I single to-morrow, there is but one man on earth should have my hand and heart—and that one, is Sir Charles Danvers.

*Sir Charles.* Is it possible?—You transport me!

*Ap-Hazard.* So she did me just now.—Take care, my fine fellow—take care!—A man never has a cup-full of joy in one hand, but presently pops a pail-full of sorrow in the other.

*Lady.* I'll make one more appeal to my mother; I have now a new tale to unfold to her: and if we can but convince her, and your uncle, of Miss Union's duplicity, we may be happy still.—Why that sigh, Sir Charles?

*Sir Charles.* My debts have fallen into other hands: old Colonel Orville is dead: and my greatest foe is now my chief creditor.—Orville is determined to throw me into prison: and on his account I was driven to those rooms; for which I have now reason to thank him; since this interview has prov'd, my Juliana, that though divided by necessity, we're still united by dearer ties than matrimonial bonds—by mutual inclination—by disinterested love.

*Lady.* We are: and, but for our enemies, Sir Charles——

*Sir Charles.* Ay: but for them!—'Sdeath! when I think how you have been treated!—However, let me lose no time in conducting you to your mother's. I'll make at least one example amongst them—And you, sir!—mark me, sir!  
wait



wait till I return; and then be prepared to give me such satisfaction as the honour of an injur'd husband demands! [*Exit with Lady Danvers.*]

*Ap-Hazard.* An injur'd husband demands!—very well—fire away, gentlemen!—if I had ten thousand lives, I dare say you'd take them all—they shan't, though—(*draws a chair and sits in it*)—Here I perch for life!—from this chair I never stir—here I'll wrap myself up like an owl in an old tree, and then—let the tempest bellow round me—Heigho! (*looks at the wine on the table*) I should like to drink a glass of wine to raise my spirits!—(*gets half up*)—No—I won't budge—if I stir, I know I shall tread on that infernal piece of orange peel, slip down, and break my neck!—Plague on't!—will there never come a turn in my favour?—will Fortune never—I'll sit cross'd leg'd for luck—Ha!—I have it—if my pocket-book is 'nt stolen, there's a bill of my father's in it now due—here it is!—I'll touch the cash directly—set off for Wales to night—leave these Cocknies to fight it out by themselves—laugh at having trick'd them, and so—(*as he is going enter Miss Union.*)

*Miss Union.* And so—make appointments with one lady, only to keep them with another!—let me bite my fingers for two hours, and be the whole time fighting here with Lady Danvers!—What have you got there? a list of assignations I suppose—(*snatches the pocket-book from him*)—I'll teach you how to keep them! there!—(*tears leaves out of the book, note, &c.*)

*Ap-Hazard.* You've torn my father's note! O Lord! What's to pay?

*Miss Union.* (*Knock at the door*) Mercy! who's here?

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Sir Charles Danvers has just sent, sir, to desire you'll follow him to Hyde Park, and bring pistols with you, directly. *[Exit.]*

*Ap-Hazard.* I'll come. Now I can get rid of this plague---and if I go near the Park---Oh! I'll slip thro' all their fingers yet.

*Enter another SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Mr. Orville and his second are at the door in a post-chaise, sir---and he swears, if you don't instantly set out for Hamburgh, he'll post you for a coward. *[Exit.]*

*Ap-Hazard.* It never rains but it pours.

*Enter another SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Mrs. Seymour, and Sir Bamber Black-letter, sir---they say you have carried off Lady Danvers, and if you don't instantly restore her to her mother, your life must answer for the consequences.

*Ap-Hazard.* Very well:---shew them up---only say, my life is bespoke by so many people, that if they don't make haste, I shan't have a bit of flesh left to peck at---(*Servant exit.*)---this is the crisis!

*Miss Union.* Heavens!--if they should find me here---Mr. Ap-Hazard---my dear Mr. Ap-Hazard---only get me out of this scrape---Where shall I hide myself!

*Ap-Hazard.* (*in a reverie*)---In a brass-mine;---for me---I'll consult the stars.

*Miss Union.* Consult the stars, and let me be discover'd---here they come, and I know they'll search every hole and corner to find Lady Danvers!--

vers!--Where shall I go!--ha!--a window with a balcony!--I shall conceal myself in that balcony, and if you betray me--  
[Exit into balcony.]

Enter Sir BAMBER, and Mrs. SEYMOUR.

Sir Bamber. Now, sir, produce the lady--restore her to her unhappy mother--Why, what's the fool staring at?--look at me--look in my face.

Ap-Hazard. I do--and a more ill-omen'd visage never cross'd me--there's fatality in every furrow--a scrape in every wrinkle, and a devil--O. U. T.--out, with a black and brown snout--out: pout: out.

Enter TOM SEYMOUR.

Well, Sir--have you seen your sister?

Tom. I have--I acquit you, Sir Bamber--You are innocent--But O! you fountain of all iniquity--(laying hold of Ap-Hazard)--you rock--you quicksand--you whirlpool!--how dare you decoy my sister to these lodgings?

Ap-Hazard. The stars foretel a watery grave--and lo!--here comes the mighty master of the art of sinking to shew me to the bottom--How did you feel when you were drown'd?

Tom. Not half what you will when I shoot you on my quarter deck--Lady Danvers is in this house--I have seen her.

Sir Bamber. There!--now hay'nt I been libel'd?--has'nt Miss Union been lampoon'd?--and won't I have you pillored, sir, for saying that volume of virtue was in these apartments?



*Tom.* I said she sent this Tornado a love letter—*(pointing to Ap-Hazard)*—and I'm sure she has brass enough to—mefs!—don't weep so, mother:—I'm not us'd to salt water, and you'll make me cry too.—

*Mrs. Seymour.* I could have borne any thing but this—to see my child disgrac'd!—her reputation sullied!—Oh, my son!—

*Tom. (crying.)* Hang it!—I'm sorry I said I saw her, now; but looking up to see if the wind blew fair for Putney, I spied her in the balcony.

*Sir Bamber.* In the balcony!—What there?

*Tom. (still crying.)*—Yes: there that pirate has conceal'd my lost—unhappy sister.

*Sir Bamber.* I'll have her out.

*Tom.* No—you shan't expose her.

*Sir Bamber.* I will—to vindicate my own and Miss Union's character—*(throws up window, and leads on Miss Union.)*—This way, Lady Danvers—the devil!—my intended wife,

*Ap-Hazard.* What's to pay?

*Tom.* There's brass for you!

*Ap-Hazard.* Ha! ha! ha!—am not I the only unlucky one?—have I got a companion in my misfortunes?—Ha! ha! till this moment I stood a'one—now here's a joint paymaster!—*(Sees Sir Bamber looking melancholy)*—What! another unlucky one!—Mrs. Seymour too!—Oh!—if I go to the bottom, here'll be a jolly party to sink with me.

*Mrs. Seymour.* I'm so overjoy'd to find my daughter innocent, I have not pow'r to censure my false friend,—*(to Tom.)*—How came you, sir, to take this lady for your sister?

*Tom.*

*Tom.* That's what puzzles me—Mefs!—I don't know whether it was the front of her I saw—for now-a-days women are so bamboozl'd in their rigging, there's no telling the stem from the stern.—

*Ap-Hazard.* Your sister is gone to Mrs. Seymour's with her husband; and Miss Union—

*Miss Union.* Sir—I'll speak for myself—Sir Bamber—Mrs. Seymour—I came to these apartments in search of Lady Danvers; and hearing music in the street, I stept into the balcony to listen to my favourite tune—an old song of Chaucer's—the nightingale and—

*Sir Bamber.* The cuckoo!—Oh! oh! oh!

*Tom.* Come, papa—as we're once more friends, let's bear a hand together—let's steer to the club and drink Juliana's health in a thousand bumpers—Good night, mother—and to speak authorically, don't you think Sir Bamber and Miss Union will bind up neatly together?

*Ap-Hazard.* Yes: and if he means to have prints in his edition of Chaucer, let me recommend for the frontispiece, a view of the balcony!—Mrs. Seymour, you're always welcome to your husband's apartments—Bam, yours.—Come, my noble son-in-law—henceforth I'll not be troublesome to you, for now Fortune has found sombody else to make a fool of, I hope she'll give me a holiday!—she'll forget me, but dam'me, I'll remember her, as long as I've a memory! [*Exit with Tom.*]

*Miss Union.* There's nothing else, I believe, so I'll follow—

*Mrs. Seymour.* Stay, madam—I deserve what I have suffered for my credulity, but my daughter has merited a happier fate, and I hope this lesson  
3 may

may be learnt from your conduct and my own—  
that to make love a trade—to convert mar-  
riage into merchandize, and dispose of a child to  
the highest bidder; is prostituting the noblest  
passion of the human heart.

[*Exeunt.*

*Sir Bamber, Finis.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.



## A C T V.

SCENE.—*An Apartment at Mrs. SEYMOUR'S.*

*Enter Mrs. SEYMOUR and AP-HAZARD.*

*Mrs. Seymour.* Lady Danvers to go out without seeing me! to quit my house so soon after her return to it, and then be found at Mr. Orville's alone, and in close conversation with him?—tell me, sir:—you say you saw her there.

*Ap-Hazard.* I say, my luck has turn'd—adieu!

*Mrs. Seymour.* Nay; are you going?

*Ap-Hazard.* Directly—I want a second, and as the noble Captain's not within, I must seek one elsewhere—I am a man of honour now—I have fought Sir Charles—mean to fight Orville—so good day.

*Mrs. Seymour.* Fought Sir Charles Danvers!

*Ap-Hazard.* To be sure—why, you know nothing—I'll tell you how it was—he followed me to La Fleece'em's, and insisted on immediate satisfaction—not being in luck—that is, my courage not coming when I call'd it, I demur'd---then the members rose, lock'd the door, and call'd me a shy-cock!---forced this pistol into my hand—when I found there was nothing else left for it, I fought like a lion; and now I am ready to fight any body, —man, woman, and child--but first I'll shoot your friend, Orville.

*Mrs. Seymour.* He is no longer a friend of mine —his persecution of Sir Charles, who he means to arrest

arrest for the debt of ten thousand pounds due to his uncle, would alone make me shun him—but about my daughter, sir—did you see her at Mr. Orville's?

*Ap-Hazard.* I did—I call'd to give him a hint, and seeing her alone with him, I retir'd—but I can't stay—I must keep fighting while my hand's in—adieu!--London improves--fortune takes a turn, and come what will---exit a man of honour!

[*Exit,*

*Mrs. Seymour.* Last night I did not see her, and this morning she rose so early—what's to be done? I'll go to Mr. Orville's house, I'll—hold—here she is—I'll observe. (*Stands aside.*)

*Enter Lady DANVERS,---(Her hat and cloak on.)*

*Lady.* Mr. Orville has behav'd as I expected—he us'd to profess regard for me, but now I have put him to the proof.

*Mrs. Seymour (behind.)* To the proof!

*Lady.* He treats me like an enemy. (*Mrs. Seymour advances.*)—My mother!--oh! thank you for restoring your protection to me—thank you for the happiest night I have pass'd since I left you—and yet there is one thing—I'm just come from Mr. Orville, and he has us'd me most unkindly.

*Mrs. Seymour.* Indeed!

*Lady.* You us'd to praise him, mother, and wish me to return his love.

*Mrs. Seymour.* I did—my weakness is no apology for yours.

*Lady.* No—but I thought by reminding of former days—by saying that on your account I would try to regard him.

*Mrs. Seymour.* Juliana, you'll break my heart--  
after

after the struggles we have both encountered, I did expect we should part no more.

*Lady.* And shall we mother?

*Mrs. Seymour.* What can I do?—I could forgive you any thing, for life is agony without you—but your husband—how shall I tell Sir Charles?

*Lady.* Tell him!—what?

*Mrs. Seymour.* Of your imprudence, your unfeeling conduct.

*Lady.* What conduct?

*Mrs. Seymour.* Have you not been alone at Orville's house?—confess'd—

*Lady.* Were you not my mother, I would not condescend to answer you—yes madam; tell Sir Charles, at the risk of being insulted, I went alone to Mr. Orville's—tell him I entreated, knelt, and wept to him—and if he asks the motive for all this, remind him of his own conduct last night at Mr. Ap-Hazard's, and tell him, that as you've ever taught me one act of generosity deserves another, your daughter scorn'd to be ungrateful or outdone!—there, madam—read that paper.

*Mrs. Seymour (reading the paper.)* “Receiv'd of Lady Danvers, jewels to the value of five hundred pounds; in consideration of which, I promise not to take legal measures against Sir Charles Danvers for one month from this day.—Henry Orville.”—My child! my child! (*embracing her*) was this the motive?

*Lady.* I had no more to offer, but if my life would save him from a prison, I'd lay it down with pleasure.

*Mrs. Seymour.* Exalted girl!—and does he know your friendship?

*Lady.* He does, and will soon call to take leave of me—he is going abroad, and I hope Mr. Orville



ville will have no right to complain, since by his exertions in another country, he will be more able to pay the debt, than by his being imprison'd in this—will you see him mother?—won't you part friends with him?—consider, one kind word will cheer him in his solitude, and 'tis the last time he'll ever intrude upon you.

*Enter Sir CHARLES DANVERS.*

*Sir Charles.* Juliana, the carriage is now waiting that conveys me perhaps for ever from you---Mrs. Seymour here!--I beg pardon.

*Mrs. Seymour.* Sir Charles, where are you going?

*Sir Charles.* Abroad, madam---that Lady has set me a bright example, and the hope that I may one day repay her generosity, drives me to another country; where, by industry and œconomy, I may so adjust my affairs as to return to this country with wealth and honour.—Farewell.

*Mrs. Seymour.* Stay, Sir Charles, my daughter has, indeed, set a bright example!--an example, which not only you, but her mother may be proud to imitate!--I parted your hands---the least amends I can make is to join them, and if I've not the pow'r, I'll prove I have the wish to serve you--I'll apply to your uncle--exert myself every way in your interest, and, in atonement for my past unkindness, I'll henceforth know no happiness, but in promoting yours.

*Lady.* Will you? can you?—we shall not then be parted.

*Mrs. Seymour.* Never—I'll go instantly to your uncle, and since Miss Union and Mr. Ap-Hazard no longer engross his attention—ha! here's my son and Mr. Orville! you had better not be seen, Sir Charles;

Charles; step into the next room; we'll soon return and bring you welcome news. (*Sir Charles exit.*)

*Enter ORVILLE and TOM SEYMOUR.*

*Tom.* Mum! he's gone into dock, I see.

*Mrs. Seymour.* Mr. Orville, I'm this moment going to Sir Charles's uncle, and if you'll wait here till I return, all may be instantly adjusted—Come, Juliana—if I should fail, we'll join him in retirement, and all that I possess shall be devoted to my children's welfare. [*Exit with Lady Danvers.*]

*Tom.* She settle Sir Charles's affairs!—why these women chop about like weather-cocks; but I'm steady; firm as my own mainmast!

*Orville.* He has broke his agreement, and I'll break mine—if I once get him under lock and key, Lady Danvers may be mine at last.—Sir Charles, (*opens door*) nay; we have seen you, sir. (*Sir Charles enters*) Come, sir, pay me the whole debt, or the bailiff below stairs——

*Sir Charles.* You can't be ungenerous; Mrs. Seymour is now gone to my uncle.

*Tom.* Pooh! he's still steer'd by Miss Union; so call up the bailiff.

*Sir Charles.* How! are you against me? the brother of Lady Danvers!

*Tom.* 'Tis on her account I am against you, sir; since you put to sea with Juliana, I and the Sprightly Kitty hav'nt sail'd ten leagues together; therefore, put him under hatches, Orville; then one may fish or fight, or go on a voyage of discoveries, as it suits.

*Sir Charles.* Hear me a moment, not on my own

own, but her account I speak; we lately united again, and if our next meeting is to be in a prison—

*Orville.* United again! don't believe it, Mr. Seymour; without there——

*Enter AP-HAZARD.*

*Ap-Hazard.* Oh! have I found you, Mr. Orville—hah! take your ground.

*Orville.* Blockhead! are you come to get into a new scrape.

*Ap-Hazard.* I get into a scrape! pheu! my luck has turn'd—will you fight? (*to Orville*)—or will you? (*to Tom*)—or you? (*to Sir Charles*) no, I know you will, so we'll shake hands; last night it was my destiny to have no courage; now it is my good fortune to have an overflow; therefore dispatch, there's your second, here's mine, as I thought—you're a shy-cock.

*Tom.* Why, father, you're a different man.

*Ap-Hazard.* I'm not; I'm the same man with different fortune; do you suppose Alexander was'nt sometimes a shy-cock? yes, he had his nervous days, and I have had mine, hav'nt I, Sir Charles? but now, fight me, do; pray some of you fight me; here, I'll give any man ten guineas that will fight me!

*Orville.* You interrupt us, sir; where are these bailiffs?

*Ap-Hazard.* Bailiffs! oh! damme, they'll fight me.

*Orville (at stage door.)* Come up stairs, and arrest Sir Charles.

*Ap-Hazard.* Arrest Sir Charles.

*Orville.* Ay, Sir Charles Danvers, sir; have you any objection.

*Ap*



*Ap-Hazard.* To be sure I have—what's to pay?

*Oroville.* Pay!—ten thousand pounds.

*Ap-Hazard.* Is that all?—only ten thousand!—ps ha!—when a man's in luck, thousands are unites—I'll pay it.

*Oroville.* You!—ha!—ha!—how?

*Tom.* Ay; how?—in paper or gold?

*Ap-Hazard.* Neither—in lead! (*presents pistols*) by shooting off the five fingers of the first hand that offers to touch him—lay hold of my arm, brother hero—when I had bad luck, I made the bad share it, now I have good, the unfortunate shall partake of it; and there's such a charm about me at this moment, that only touch me, and you'll be invisible to all bailiffs, bullies, and black-legs.—I be-hav'd ill to your wife, and you fought me—

*Tom.* Meis! how's that?—did he fight for his wife?

*Ap-Hazard.* He did; and I fought for her too—so here's a pair of us—keep off—

*Tom* (*standing before the stage door.*) No—you don't—you shan't quit the room.

*Oroville* (*standing by Tom.*) No—that you shan't—shall they, my friend?

*Tom.* No—for you shall my friend (*to Oroville*)—look ye, sir; in my mother's absence, I am master of this house, and while I thought Sir Charles was no friend to my sister, I was none to him; but now I find I've been on a wrong tack, I'll stick to him, as long as the Thames flows, and I'm Lord High Admiral of it!—so d'ye hear—cut—brush—scud—set sail—shire off, or—

*Oroville.* Sir, I shall persist.

*Ap-Hazard.* Persist!—Oh!—he pushes his bad luck,

luck, does he?—here (*putting money in his hand, and shutting it.*)—odd or even for a hundred.

*Tom.* I tell you what—if you don't weigh anchor this moment, I'll force you and your Bailiffs into my long boat—heave you to leeward of the Sprightly Kitty, and open a broadside upon you, that shall blow you all from Chelsea to the Red Sea.

*Orville.* Very well, sir,—you shall hear from me depend on't—for you, Sir Charles, you are my prisoner to a certainty—to-morrow morning Sir Bamber marries Miss Union, and she'll take care that neither you nor this booby shall ever see one shilling of his property—so, now your luck's turn'd again. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Charles.* How! after the affair at Mr. Ap-Hazard's, will my uncle marry Miss Union?

*Tom.* It's all owing to the Chaucerian Manuscript—to gain that he'll marry her, though it were as certain she'll steer him to Cuckold's Point, as that Columbus fish'd out America, and I won the Vauxhall Cup—She swore she came to your lodgings in search of Juliana, and as to the affigation, she threatens to have you hang'd for forging it.

*Ap-Hazard.* I forge it!—here it is—read—(*gives them the letter.*)

*Tom.* Why this is in blackletter!—pooh!—this is more like my old boatswain's hand, than Miss Union's.

*Sir Charles.* That's her usual trick—she writes in a disguis'd hand to avoid detection—'sdeath! is there no way to put a stop to this marriage? 'twill doom me to perpetual imprisonment, involve Mrs. Seymour, and break the heart of Juliana.

*Tom.* There is no way—I'll bet ten to one—

*Ap-*

*Ap-Hazard.* I'll take any odds on any event; to any amount in fifties, hundreds, thousands, millions!

*Sir Charles.* You'll lose, I'll risk my life, sir.

*Ap Hazard.* Will you risk your money, sir!—will you lay the long odds!—'twill be a noble hedge for you, and if each of you will bet me a hundred to ten—

*Tom.* I'll bet you a hundred to ten, you don't upset the marriage.

*Sir Charles.* So will I.

*Ap-Hazard.* Done! done!—now then it's settled—Bam loses his wife, and I win the long odds. Farewell! follow me to old Blackletter's, and I'll shew you what's to pay, my boys! [*Exit.*

*Tom.* Brother, I hope you'll forgive me—I'm sorry I took part with that villain, for tho' not a salt-water sailor, I wish to be as like one as I can—I make voyages and sleep in a hammock like a sailor, I drink grog and chew tobacco, though I hate it, like a sailor; I make love, tho' I'm not overfond of that, like a sailor; I sing, dance, and spend my money foolishly, like a sailor; and after copying them in all these things, shall I do a dishonourable action?—No, dam'me, that wou'd not be like a sailor. [*Exit with Sir Charles.*

SCENE.—A Room, at SIR BAMBER'S.

*Enter SIR BAMBER and MISS UNION, followed by a SERVANT with a small green box.—Sir Bamber is trying to lay hold of the box, Miss Union preventing him.*

*Sir Bamber.* Do I behold thee?—does that angelic little box contain my Trickarinda?



*Miss Union.* Fie! don't be so impatient, Sir Bamber.—(*Servant puts it on a table, and exit.*) gently—before we open it, let me remind you of the terms—the only terms, on which you are to become master of this immortal manuscript—first you are to sign an agreement—

*Sir Bamber* I know it:—I am to marry you to-morrow, and settle on you half my estate—now do let me have a peep—I wonder how she's dress'd—in black leather and gold facings!—or in sheets, perhaps—

*Miss Union.* Secondly, you are to bind yourself not to pay Sir Charles's debts—thirdly, not to give your godson.—(*Sir B. tries to open the trunk.*)—nay: you would'nt look at the manuscript before the settlement's sign'd—consider the lawyer is in the next room—

*Sir Bamber.* Oh! if you wait for lawyers it's all over with me—I shall die—expire in all the agonies of an expecting lover—do—pray let me—

*Miss Union.* Well! to save your life—and I've no reason for distrusting you—here—(*opening trunk and taking out M.S. in a black binding*)—here is the Chaucerian Manuscript, found at Union Castle, in Cumberland.

*Sir Bamber.* Never mind where it was found—I've got it—Oh! how the touch thrills me?—now for the title page.—(*reads*)—"Trickarinda—A Poem, full of witty and conceited mirth, written by Geoffery Chaucer."—That's it—that's the true old style—"witty and conceited mirth!"

*Enter SAMUEL.*

*Samuel.* Lady Danvers and Mrs. Seymour are coming up stairs.

*Miss Union.* Coming up stairs!—here's effrontery!—they want to break of the marriage—to persuade him to pay Sir Charles's debts—Sir Bamber, as you're busy, shall I give them your answer.

*Sir Bamber.* Do—say what you like—now for the contents.

*Miss Union.* And now for my triumph—though I could'nt bring about a match for Mrs. Seymour, she shall see I can make one for myself—shew me to them, sir.

[Exit with Samuel.]

*Sir Bamber.* (Sitting at the Table). Now for it—(reads)—“On yon green bank where Trickarinda sleeps.”—There's a subject for a painter—I'll have such a picture gallery—such an exhibition—I'll begin advertising and puffing this very night—(sits reading).

Enter AP-HAZARD.

*Ap-Hazard.* Don't tell me—I will speak to him—how my luck is turn'd!—coming here I saw a woman standing in the pillory—a female faro banker, who had cheated me out of thirty guineas—there was luck.—Then I call'd in at Westminster to hear a great debate—that was over before I came—there was luck!—So Bam.—I fought at last you hear. (Sits by him).

*Sir Bamber* (not regarding him). “The wind laughs round her, and the water weeps!”—The water weeps—there's an original thought!—What modern author would have hit on such a sympathetic—such—what brought you here, sir?

*Ap-Hazard.* The long odds.—I've taken two hundred pounds to twenty but I break off your match with Miss Union—now as I know the ma-

manuscript is your object, I'll shew you how to get it, without having a wife for the appendix!—hark'ye—to save your head—risk your neck—steal it.

*Sir Bamber.* Steal it!

*Ap-Hazard.* Ay: it's all in the way of your profession—now a-days all authors are thieves, and if you're detected 'twill be only call'd a plagiarism you know—so put it in your pocket—go with me to Sir Charles—pay all his debts, and buy me a lottery ticket—only buy me a lottery ticket, and it's the thirty thousand to a certainty.

*Sir Bamber.* Why what is all this!—leave the room, sir—begone directly, or I'll order the servants to throw you out of window.

*Ap-Hazard.* Bless you!—I'm in such a train of luck that if you were to chuck me from the top of Westminster Abbey I should only light on the Treasury and walk off with my pockets full.—But since you persist in marrying Miss Union, I'll shew you another manuscript—look here—here's the letter that brought her to my lodgings.

*Sir Bamber.* Letter of Miss Union's!

*Ap-Hazard.* Ay,—read Bam—read that assignation.

*Sir Bamber.* Assignation!—Oh dear!—she convinc'd me that she went to your lodgings in search of Lady Danvers.—(*reads letter*)—"Miss Union requests the company of Mr. Ap-Hazard"—I'm easy—I'm satisfied—she's innocent, and you'll be hang'd for forgery, sirrah.

*Ap-Hazard.* Forgery!

*Sir Bamber.* It's not her writing—it's more like my grandmother's hand than Miss Union's—I'll send for a peace officer—I'll—no—I won't—I'll go on with the Poem.—(*Returns to Table and reads.*)



*Ap-Hazard.* Fortune's at work again—I shall lose the long odds after all—now my dear god-father, pray think of Sir Charles—pray think of his poor wife—and, above all, pray think of the balcony—

*Sir Bamber (reading)*—

“ And lo! a monk all hallow'd from the cloyster,

“ Grey as the morn, and white as any oyster.”

There again! white as any oyster—what a melting thought—I'm so transported—*(here a leaf falls out of manuscript.)*

*Ap-Hazard.* *(picking it up)* Give me leave, Sir Bamber—I'll do any thing if you'll only take pity on your nephew, and *(looks at the leaf—then at the letter, and compares them together)* it is!—no!—yes!—ha! ha! ha! *(laughing loudly.)*

*Sir Bamber.* Why, what's the matter?—what's the fool laughing at?

*Ap-Hazard.* You were right—the letter is a forgery, and the best of the joke is—ha! ha!—I've found out who forg'd it.

*Sir Bamber.* Who?

*Ap-Hazard.* Chaucer!—Geoffery Chaucer!—if he pen'd that Poem, he pen'd this letter, for, damme, but they're both written by one and the same person!—look—every syllable—every letter is in the same hand.

*Sir Bamber.* How? in the same hand! *(compares)* So they are—the P.'s. Q.'s. O.'s.—they're all the same—why, what does this mean?

*Ap-Hazard.* Mean! that you're impos'd on either by Chaucer or Miss Union; and I think its more likely, that a live woman should forge

Trickarinda,

Trickarinda, than that a dead man should send me a love-letter!

*Sir Bamber.* I see it all—I'm bamboozl'd—Trickarinda's a trick.

*Ap-Hazard.* And Miss Union is——

*Sir Bamber.* An impostor—a juggler—worse than the bottle-conjuror—she's lost my estate.

*Ap-Hazard.* And I've won the long odds—Oh luck! luck! luck's every thing.

*Enter* Miss UNION, Mrs. SEYMOUR, and Lady DANVERS.

*Miss Union.* Well, ladies! if you insist on seeing Sir Bamber, I can't prevent it—So you really believe that we're not going to be married.

*Mrs. Seymour.* Why, after what has past, madam——

*Miss Union.* Very well—then be satisfied—with your own eyes, behold him sign an agreement that gives me his hand, and ruins Sir Charles Danvers for ever—here, my life (*to Sir B.*) here is the settlement.

*Sir Bamber.* Indeed!

*Miss Union.* Yes; my chuck!—it only wants your hand to finish it—pray observe, ladies.

*Sir Bamber.* Ay, pray observe ladies—see how my chuck's hand will finish it!—thus I put an end to it, (*tearing settlement*) thus I destroy one most nefarious manuscript.

*Ap-Hazard.* And here goes another—here goes Trickarinda (*tearing Trickarinda.*)

*Sir Bamber.* You're found out, madam—you and old Chaucer write the same hand, do you? (*Miss Union holds down her head*) Ay; ay; you overshot the mark there—so now “you may go sleep;  
“while

while winds laugh round you, and the waters weep !”

*Enter TOM SEYMOUR and SIR CHARLES DANVERS.*

*Tom.* Bear a hand I tell you—the moment such a stout vessel comes in sight, I know the old ship will strike—Sir Bamber, I’ve brought him here to engage with you.

*Sir Bamber.* You’ve done right; and I strike my colours my boy—Charles, I’ll pay your debts—I’ll settle a third of my estate on you and Juliana—and here, Mr. Hinx Spinx (*to Ap-Hazard*) that Fortune may no longer make a fool of you, I’ll make you a recompence for winning the long odds as you call it—I’ll give you a handsome annuity during my life, and double it after my death.

*Ap-Hazard.* An annuity!—give me an annuity—damme, what’s to pay?

*Tom.* I say, Miss Bräffmine—here’s a divorce in reality.

*Miss Union.* Don’t talk to me, sir!

*Tom.* Mefs!—had’nt you and the proctor better take a voyage together? I’ll lend you the Sprightly Kitty—she has a nice little balcony, and if you think you shall be tir’d of each other, take me to steer you that’s all—I’ll upset a vessel with any man in London.

*Lady Danvers.* Miss Union, don’t you see Mr. Orville beckoning to you?

*Miss Union.* I do, and I’ll go make him join with all the lovers in my list to see justice done me—don’t think I’m sorry, Sir Charles, that you and your dear Juliana have made it up again?—No—I know what marriage is; and the more matches



matches there are amongst you, the more—Oh! I wish you were all married. [Exit.

*Sir Bamber.* Holloa! had'nt you better take Trickarinda along with you? (*throws the binding after her.*)

*Mrs. Seymour.* Juliana, this is a happy hour—my son, let me congratulate you: you too, Mr. Ap-Hazard—the reward you have receiv'd, is no more than your merit deserves.

*Ap-Hazard.* Merit!—its luck ma'am.

*Mrs. Seymour.* No, sir, much as we are rul'd by chance, we are govern'd more by conduct.

*Ap-Hazard.* Indeed! and must we stand upon our merit? Not altogether, I hope. "Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?" The less we deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. I'm in high favour with Fortune at present, but

Least this propitious chance be but ideal,

I wish our friends around could prove it real!

Shew by your smiles a kind reward is nigh;

Call me not Fool, and Fortune I defy.

4 AP 54

END OF THE COMEDY.

# ÉPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY M. P. ANDREWS, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

(A Chair, Table, and Lady's Work-bag.)

ONCE more I come, your favouring smile to catch,  
Myself I offer now—say, is't a match?  
No partial flame I feel, for great or small;  
I love you roundly—and will take you all:—  
Perhaps you think me bold, to court the men,  
If so, I do but copy nine in ten;  
Like high-drest misses, to attract the beaux,  
Each grace of Art, and Nature too expose;  
Yet, as I only trust to mental charms,  
And *bare* no elbows, bosom, knee, or arms;  
My frankness, I without a blush may boast,  
You can but say, that I'm *bare-faced* at most.

But hold, true woman, fond of selfish prattle,  
I fight my own, but not our Author's battle;  
He, trembling Dramatist, of Notoriety,  
To Speculation fears to add satiety;  
Oft he has tried your patience heretofore;  
Shall he not try it now a little more?  
Of that, and of your kindness, nothing loth,  
He gives you ample room to practise both:—  
Sweet Patience! long they exercise thy pow'r,  
In other houses, full as much as ours:—  
See anxious Trepidation, how it flushes,  
The virgin member, with his maiden blushes!  
He takes his seat (*sits down in chair*) and all his troubles pass,  
The long expected moment comes at last:—  
He rises (*gets up*) twirls his hat, hems, strokes his chin,  
Probes his cravat, and ventures to begin—

“ Sir, I am sensible”—some titter near him—  
“ I say, I'm very sensible”—all, “ hear him, hear him”—  
He bolder grown, for praise, mistaking pother,  
Tea-pots one arm, and spouts it with the other—

“ Once

## EPILOGUE

" Once more, I'm very sensible indeed—  
 " That tho' we should want words, we must proceed—  
 " And for the first time in my life, I think—  
 " I think——that no great Orator should shrink—  
 " And therefore, Mr. Speaker, I, for one,  
 " Will speak out freely, Sir, and so——I've done."

Peace to his eloquence——to banish that,  
 Suppose we have a little female chat—  
 Vulgar *Miss Bull*, and *Lady Serag Lopsdale*,  
 Whene'er they meet, their tongues are never idle:

*Miss Bull* begins——

" Lauk, what a bonnet! why, it looks quite scurvy,  
 " Its like a coal-skuttle turn'd topsy-turvy,"  
 " Its like some heads then, *Miss*—all smoke and smother—  
 " So one good-turn you see, deserves another;  
 " But your strait-forward taste, who can resist?"  
 " Some taste, my Lady, seems to have a twist;  
 " If women will forget that they grow older,  
 " And wear like children, straps across the shoulder;  
 " Why not like children, give them playful smacks,  
 " And let the straps be laid across their backs."  
 " *Miss*, you're severe—— [fondly hug—  
 " But here's my comfort (*goes and takes work-bag*) this I'll  
 " Your favourite work?"—" No, *Miss*, my favourite Pug—  
 " This is its kennel (*takes dog out of work-bag*) oh, the pretty  
 " How neat and elegant in every feature! [creature!  
 " It drinks noyau, and dines upon boil'd chicken,  
 " But ragou'd sweetbread, is it's favourite picking—  
 " Lest the hot sun should tan the charming fellow,  
 " When it walks out, I carry this umbrella;  
 " But when cold frosty weather comes to nip it,  
 " It wears a little spencer, and a tippet—  
 " Come, Pug to bed—Lord who could think it dear,  
 " To pay five shillings for thee, every year!

Her La'ship's kindness must be praised, which brings  
 Such useful lessons from such useless things;  
 And Folly never can be out of date,  
 While puppies may grow up to help the state—

If here, this night, Good-nature smiling rules,  
 We shall be Fortune's Favourites, not her Fools.



